WHAT KILLED CALVIN COOLIDGE?

AUG. 29, 1936

Liberty

5¢

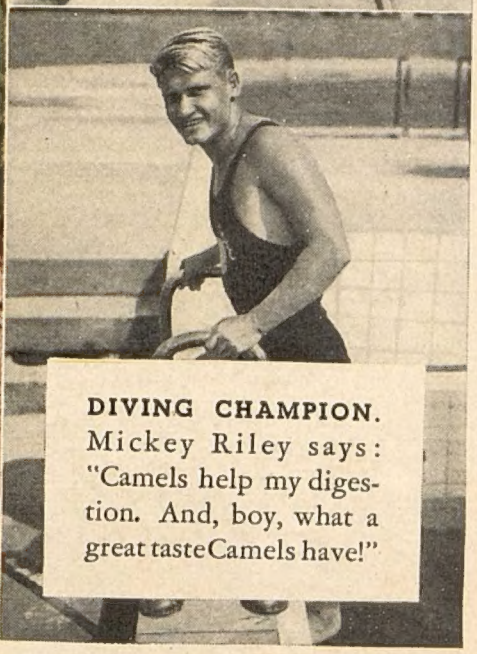
THE HELL WE KNEW TOGETHER

Mrs. BRADDOCK BARES A TRAGIC AND INSPIRING PAST

PAN IS AT
AR WITH US NOW!

THE VIENNESE ROOF ATOP THE FAMOUS ST. REGIS HOTEL IN NEW YORK duplicates the resplendent ballroom of the Imperial Summer Palace in Schönbrunn, Austria. Here at the St. Regis, as at other fine dining places from coast to coast, Camels are the preferred cigarette. "Our patrons understand the art of dining well," says Lawrence, deft *maître d'hôtel* of The Viennese Roof. "You can see Camels on nearly every table. They certainly are the most popular cigarette here." Enjoy Camels with *your* meals too.

MRS. NICHOLAS PENNIMAN, III, charming Baltimore hostess, says: "Camels taste so good! And they help digestion."



DIVING CHAMPION. Mickey Riley says: "Camels help my digestion. And, boy, what a great taste Camels have!"

Each Camel at mealtime adds cheer...stimulates digestion... increases alkalinity. So—

"For Digestion's Sake . . . Smoke Camels"

As every Camel smoker knows, Camels at mealtime help to create a cheery sense of well-being. Camels increase the flow of digestive fluids...alkaline digestive fluids...in a pleasant way.

Like millions of other discriminating smokers, you too will find that Camels help to ease the tension of modern life. With their "lift"...their aid to digestion...and their mild, rich flavor, Camels do indeed *set you right!*

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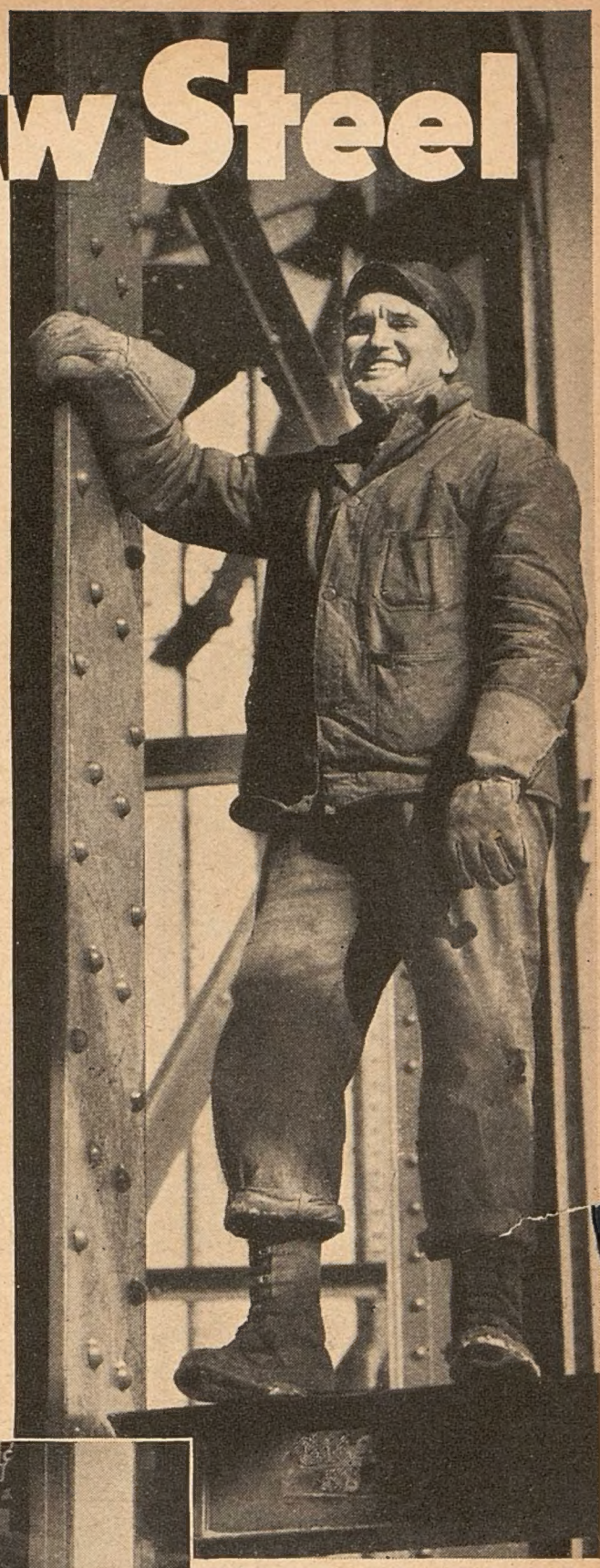
TEST PILOT. Lee Gehlbach heads straight down in his daring "power dive." Afterwards, he eats heartily. Lee says: "Camels keep my digestion tuned up. And they don't frazzle my nerves."

COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS — Turkish and Domestic — than any other popular brand.

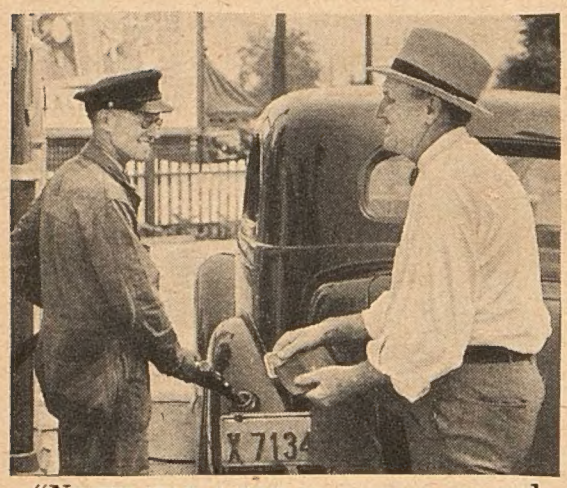
"Mister, I know Steel is SAFEST!"



"We picked Plymouth for that Safety-Steel Body...and the Style it Has!"

PUSHING STEEL UP toward the sky ...swinging and fitting it to span rivers...working and living with steel for 29 years gave Neal Woodruff his knowledge of steel.

That made Plymouth an easy choice when he bought his car. "I know construction, and I know the strength and safety of steel," he says. "So I checked cars for all-steel body construction.



"NEVER HAD A CAR so easy on gas and oil. And practically no upkeep costs!"

"I wouldn't drive a car without a Safety-Steel Body...and for the same reason, I want the best Hydraulic Brakes I can get.

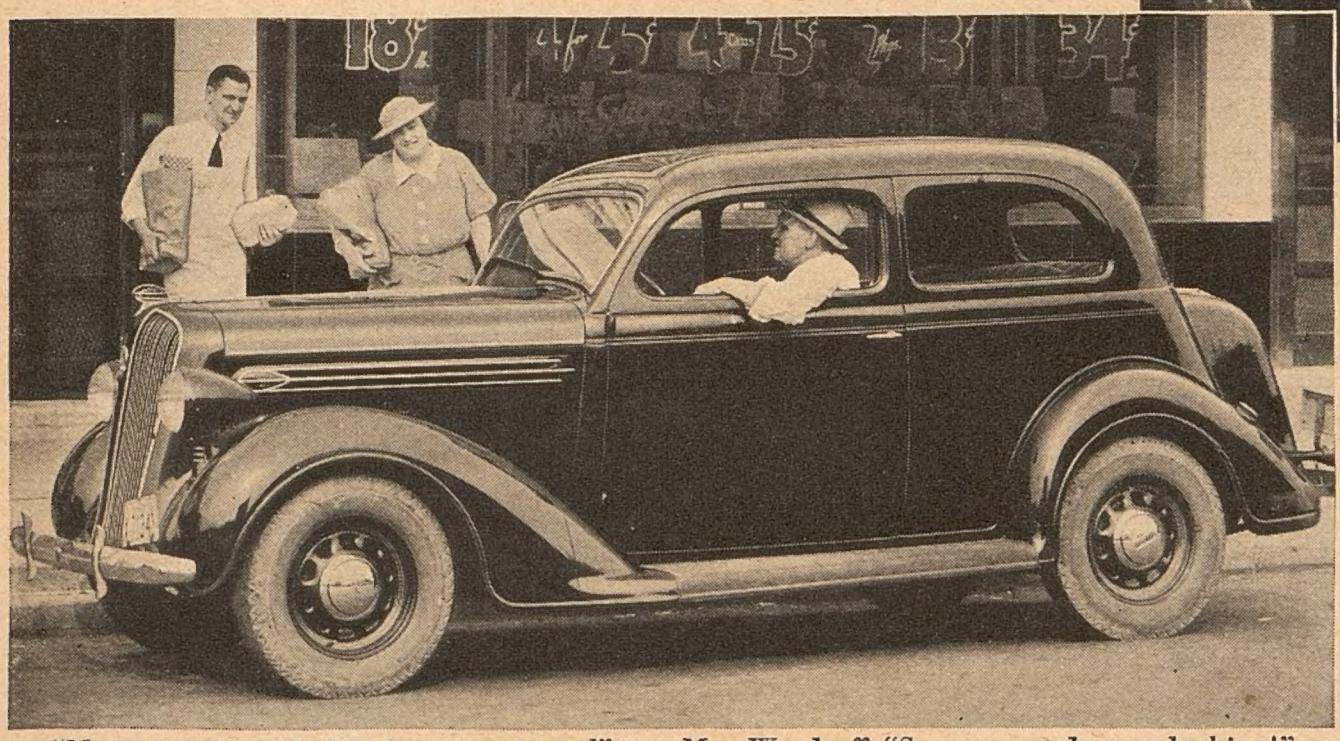
"The Plymouth frame is as fine-looking a truss as I've ever seen in a building job. And the body fits down over the frame in the same kind of construction we use in skyscrapers.

"Mrs. Woodruff helped pick our Plymouth. She liked its room, comfort, ease of driving. And after driving our Plymouth for months, we're better pleased than ever. It's easy on gas and oil...and costs practically nothing for upkeep either!"

• • •

STEELWORKER WOODRUFF'S experience helps you to realize why so many people all over America are switching to Plymouth.

So before you buy, drive the beautiful, big Plymouth. Ask your Chrysler, DeSoto or Dodge dealer. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORP.



"MOST COMFORTABLE CAR we ever owned," says Mrs. Woodruff. "So roomy and smart looking!"

"I'LL TELL THE WORLD Plymouth engineers know steel construction. Of all low-priced cars, Plymouth is the best built! That Plymouth body is steel reinforced with steel—and that means safety *plus!*"

EASY TO BUY $25 a month buys a new Plymouth. The Commercial Credit Co. offers dealers low, easy-to-buy terms.

$510

AND UP, LIST AT FACTORY, DETROIT
SPECIAL EQUIPMENT EXTRA

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

AUGUST 29, 1936

Liberty

VOL. 13, NO. 35

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER

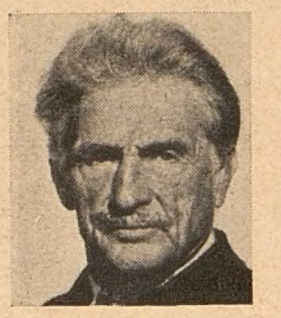
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR IN CHIEF

WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR

HOME!

Its Enthralling Allurement



BERNARR MACFADDEN

TO own his own home is the ambition of practically every intelligent American, and to own property of any kind is a stabilizing influence. We cease to be wanderers when we are rooted to the soil upon which our home is built.

Until recently the habit of saving, essential to acquire the stability and protection of a home, was everywhere encouraged in this country.

But the taint of Communistic teachings has changed the opinions of some of our young people. The usual opportunities have not appeared, and the old-time American philosophy seems to them to be out of date.

But, notwithstanding the discouragement and the apparent insecurity associated with our present administration, the desire to own property is a laudable ambition. The saving habit is still commendable. If one spends all he makes he is likely to be menaced by suffering and tragedy at any time.

Naturally, the present situation of some of our citizens makes the dole desirable. But to accept such charity is always to a certain extent a badge of disgrace. We may feel that the government owes us a living, but unless used as a last resort it is a false doctrine.

In the past we have been a frugal people. Riches have come to us in such abundance that spending was the order of the day—previous to the depression.

But the governmental principles that made us a great nation are as unchangeable, as rigidly stabilized as the Rock of Gibraltar.

Abraham Lincoln, our martyred President, was noted for condensed wisdom. He said on one occasion, "Property is the fruit of labor. Property is desirable. It is a positive good in the world. That some should be rich shows that others may become rich and hence is a just encouragement to industry and enterprise."

Riches are certainly desirable. They can ease our pathway through life. But possessions beyond that which is necessary to furnish the ordinary comforts of life are often questionable in value.

Many wonder why rich men try to extend their business, why they always seem to want more wealth.

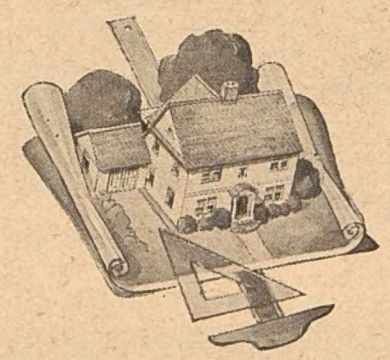
It is not always the love of more money that induces one to increase the size of his business. It is usually the natural desire to do more business. Whether you own a peanut stand, grocery store, bank—almost regardless of the nature of your ownership—you want to grow bigger in your field of endeavor.

But we should remember that the more riches we acquire the more they will add to our worries and frequently the less happiness we will find in life. Wealthy men often become self-driven slaves to their business responsibilities.

And to those who would like to divide the wealth, to destroy or constrict business, to pull down the houses of those who have become stabilized, Abraham Lincoln's utterances on this subject are also weighted with wisdom.

He says, "Let not him who is houseless pull down the house of another, but let him work diligently and build one for himself, thus by example assuring that his own shall be safe from violence when built."

When one builds a home of his own, furnishes the inside and decorates the outside, and gives it background and foreground, gardens and lawns, trees and shrubbery, one automatically learns to love such a habitation. And but few homes would be built if the owner did not believe that he would be secure in the possession of his property. Such security is absolutely essential to national stability. And every citizen, regardless of his material possessions, wants to help to insure possession which makes home owning desirable.



To those who are homeless the appeal of home ownership is a mighty moving force.

That is the main reason why it will be difficult to replace Americanism with the Communistic doctrines where home building is given scant consideration.

Bernarr Macfadden

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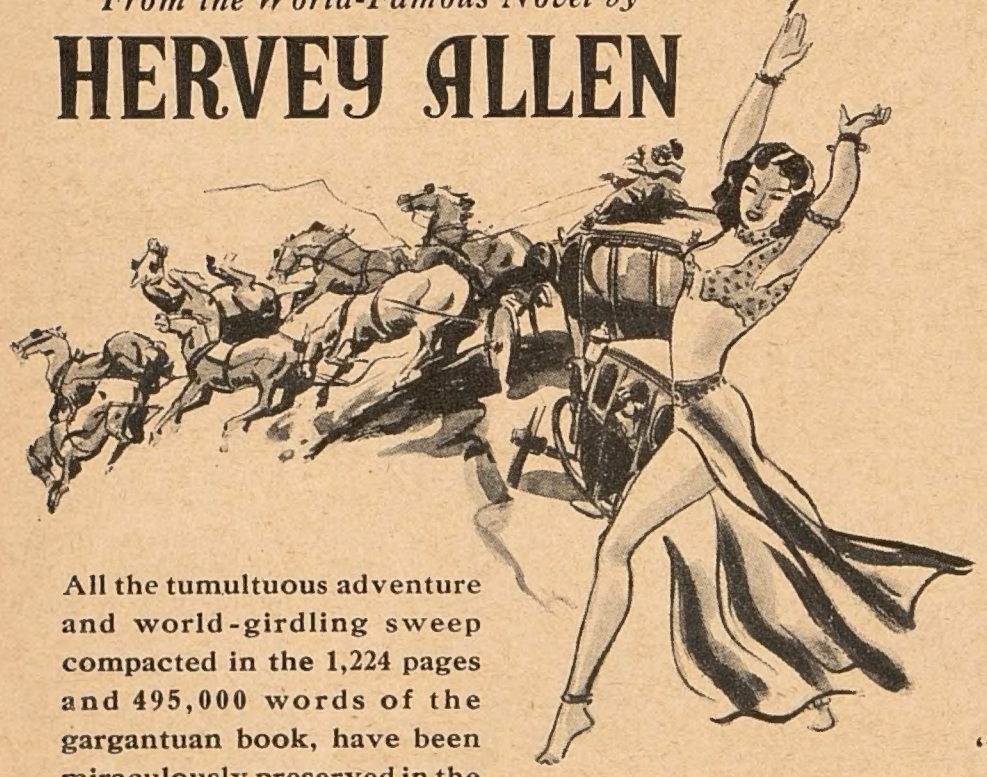
● THE SCREEN MARCHES ON—into a new "cycle" of vast, robust, heroic drama, led by the company which introduced talking pictures and musical pictures, and which has just produced "The Story of Louis Pasteur" and "The Green Pastures." Now, in studios specially enlarged for this expanded program, WARNER BROS. will embark upon the new cinema season with a series of productions that will eclipse all past efforts, beginning with—

ANTHONY ADVERSE

From the World-Famous Novel by

HERVEY ALLEN



All the tumultuous adventure and world-girdling sweep compacted in the 1,224 pages and 495,000 words of the gargantuan book, have been miraculously preserved in the 412 scenes and two and one-quarter hours of this predominant screen achievement.

Starring, In a Cast of 2,648,

Fredric MARCH

With

OLIVIA de HAVILLAND

ANITA LOUISE · DONALD WOODS

EDMUND GWENN · CLAUDE RAINS

LOUIS HAYWARD · · · Steffi Duna

Gale Sondergaard · Billy Mauch · Akim Tamiroff · Ralph Morgan · Henry O'Neill

Directed by MERVYN LEROY

●

Brilliant as it is, "Anthony Adverse" is but a prelude to a steady succession of other extraordinary films coming from Warner Bros.—

MARION DAVIES and CLARK GABLE in "CAIN AND MABEL"

"CHARGE of the LIGHT BRIGADE"—Starring ERROL FLYNN & OLIVIA de HAVILLAND

"GREEN LIGHT"—From the Celebrated Best-Seller by Lloyd C. Douglas

KAY FRANCIS in "GIVE ME YOUR HEART"

WARNER BROS. PICTURES

For the Men Who Would Be President in 1937: a Message from the Past . . . A Mourned Leader's Friend at Last Reveals the Tragedy of a Broken Heart

by

CHARLES W. DUKE

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

WHAT KILLED

AT the other end of the depression stands Calvin Coolidge. Now, after seven long years of misery and affliction, a " Kansas Coolidge " is hailed as a Moses who will lead Uncle Sam out of the wilderness of debt, unemployment, and economic chaos.

I knew intimately the man who wrote Have Faith in Massachusetts. And my notion is that he would sooner have lived in this era of new beginnings than in the opulent days of the " Coolidge dollar." Today would have fitted in with his *Via Crucis* philosophy of life. If he could speak, I feel sure the former Governor of Massachusetts would welcome an opportunity to exchange places in history with the present Governor of Kansas.

But " Silent Cal "—more eloquent in death than in life—is not here to speak for himself. He died prematurely at sixty; he whose father lived to be eighty, and who came of a New England line of long-livers.

There has been a lot of speculation about the early demise of Calvin Coolidge. At the time of his death, January 5, 1933, he was alone at The Beeches, the Coolidge estate on the outskirts of Northampton, Massachusetts. His wife, returning from shopping, found his lifeless form on the floor of an upstairs room. He had not been seriously ill, nor long indisposed. He had lived the quiet life of a Vermont plowboy and Massachusetts lawgiver. His six years' occupancy of the White House had been accomplished without severe stress or strain.

No autopsy was performed. There was talk about a sudden attack of indigestion; but the certificate of the family physician stated the cause of death as " probably coronary thrombosis," meaning a blood clot had stopped the heart. The heart of this Puritan who lived carefully, cautiously, and in calm moderation.

I think I know what killed " Cal " Coolidge before his time.

At sixty, he was too young to die. Of the thirty-one men who have served the United States in the Presidency, only six were younger than Coolidge when they died, and three of these were cut down in their prime by assassins—Abraham Lincoln, James A. Garfield, and William McKinley.

Even the apostle of strenuous life, Theodore Roosevelt, lived a year longer than Calvin Coolidge. And Woodrow Wilson, whisked from the tranquil campus of Princeton into the maelstrom of war and world politics, with the heart-rending climax at Versailles, survived " Silent Cal " in point of age by seven years.

Our early American Presidents waxed hale and hearty in old age. The average age at death of the first ten American Presidents was more than seventy-seven years. Of thirty-one Americans elevated to the Presidency, nine were in their seventies when death overtook them.

Now contrast these longevity figures with the mortality statistics covering the last ten Presidents from James A. Garfield down to and including Coolidge. Their average span of life was slightly less than sixty-two years.

Out of which looms the fact that Calvin Coolidge, the mild-mannered New England exponent of the simple life and abstemious virtues, lived two years less than the average of his nine predecessors in office—and through what is generally considered the " softest " period in American history.

From the time of the Boston police strike until he withdrew from the White House in 1929, I came frequently in contact with " Cool Cal " Coolidge. One day at Northampton, between red apples and brown stogies, he turned suddenly upon me:

" We sing ' My country, 'tis of thee.' Surely this is my country and your country. Take our thrifty New England people. They share in all the useful commodities of everyday life. The water companies, the electric light and power concerns, gas and telephone, railroads and insurance—it is surprising how much of them is owned by the general rank and file of our citizens.

" In the factories and mills of New England our people not only earn a fair living wage but invest their earnings in stock of the companies that employ them, and then participate in the management and operation as well.

" There is no favored class in America. Our people enjoy an equality of opportunity the like of which the world has never known until now."

Yet " Silent Cal " held that a man or woman who was " on the make " for success was better off than one who had arrived. Climbing was better for body and soul than coasting.

One day in 1920, just before he left for Washington to take up his new duties as Vice-President, I sat with Mr. Coolidge in the small house that he still clung to. His two sons came charging home from school on bicycles.

" You see those bicycles," he drawled, pointing out of the window. " Bought them themselves with money they earned. It is a mistake to hand a boy the world with a fence around it on a silver platter. Now they know the value of a dollar and how hard it is for a boy to earn a dollar. They appreciate more what the dollar buys—and you should see them take care of their investment."

" Something for nothing " Coolidge abhorred. How he would have frowned on the dole, and chastised Congress for pyramiding the national debt into billions for relief handouts without first seeking scientifically to solve the problem of unemployment!

CALVIN COOLIDGE?

As America mounted to her highest pinnacle of materialism during the resplendent days of 1924-28, it was patent that "Silent Cal" was like a fish out of water. He could not join in worship of the golden calf. The glitter of the "Coolidge dollar" was too dazzling for his eyes. He much preferred his own plain background.

Not only did he discern the signs of his times but his vision carried well into the future.

One day, just before Harding's death, I went to him in the Vice-Presidential chamber at Washington; told him I was writing a book on order for a textbook publishing house that catered to teachers; told him how schoolmarms were chafing under what they considered small pay, and deserting their profession for more lucrative fields. They must be placated and impressed anew with their responsibility to young America.

"Yes, everybody wants more money," he commented with a trace of Yankee cynicism. "It seems that even with their pockets bulging, folks cannot get enough."

Then he dictated a foreword to the book:

> There can be no superior guarantee for the advantages of our civilization and the maintenance of orderly government than to fill the desk of every teacher with persons of ability and character. . . . If the muster roll were to be called of the first line of defense of our country, it would include a list of those who teach the young. They must be recognized. They must be appreciated. They must be paid.

While the mass of people were piling up emoluments for themselves, Coolidge was engrossed with a more sobering picture. The people were not only having their cake in this good-times era but eating it too—and apparently without a thought of the morrow. Such prosperity, as he remarked, could not last. Inevitably the economic pendulum swings to and fro; and he perceived it was about time for the down stroke! In his own quiet way he sorrowed for pleasure-loving money-mad America.

Many thought him cold. Chancing one day upon a four-leaf clover, I enclosed it with a note of felicitation, voicing appreciation for the hospitality of a newspaper interview. Cherished is this acknowledgment from the White House:

> I am sincerely gratified that I have continued to deserve your support and confidence. I trust that the clovers may bring to me good fortune, but I think I shall place greater trust in the friendship of men like yourself.

What troubled the heart of Calvin Coolidge, too, in the last decade of his life was the jumbled state of flux in which he beheld the country and the people. First the United States espouses a League of Nations, and then rejects it. Almost overnight they enact federal prohibition of liquor, only to join a few years later in a pell-mell rush to wipe it out of the Constitution.

Lavish expenditure, repudiation of debt, increase of divorce, the reassertion of "survival of the fittest"—all these things Coolidge viewed as sure signs of moral decadence, and brooded over in his silence.

Moreover, his troubled eyes early discerned a more sinister peril—the onsweeping tide of European collectivism; the Red menace of Marxism, Communism, Fascism, and other isms.

Even as he gave way to his White House successor, Coolidge was stunned at sight of the impending debacle. The ensuing four years he suffered in stoical silence.

Calvin Coolidge died within two months after the defeat of his political party in the 1932 election. There has been a lot of foolish talk about his having been worried into an early grave by life-insurance doctors who insisted upon making periodic examinations and reminding him that "a man is as old as his arteries."

Call it coronary thrombosis if you will. To me, Calvin Coolidge was "the heart bowed down"; the man who died before his time of a broken heart. Anguished by the depression, disturbed at the ruthless Red invasion, this gentle Puritan succumbed under a blow that broke both body and spirit.

How he would have revolted against an order from Washington to plow under the rich golden grain of his father's farm in Plymouth! How he would have smarted under the command to cease raising fat New England hogs and accept thereafter from the government an annual bounty to refrain from producing prize porkers!

Over the mantelpiece in the Northampton home of the Coolidges was a wooden plaque with these lines:

> There was an owl lived in an oak.
> The more he saw, the less he spoke.
> The less he spoke, the more he heard—
> Can't we be like this wise old bird?

Alf M. Landon, the "Kansas Coolidge," has the same emblem somewhere about his premises. He is a member of the same college fraternity to which Calvin Coolidge belonged—Phi Gamma Delta. The owl figures in the ritualistic symbolism of their secret society.

Methinks the "Kansas Coolidge," as he cogitates amid the smoke of his prairie pipe, must hear the still small voice of the Massachusetts Coolidge as he adjures us to "Have faith in the United States."

THE END

The Lure of Far Horizons or the Call of Hearts and Home . . . Which Leads to the More Dangerous Thrill? . . . This Story Gives You a Stirring Answer

READING TIME ● 29 MINUTES 32 SECONDS

Adventure in August

They were home again, on the steps in the moonlight. The house was quiet. He turned to the dark waiting eyes and her face was like a flower. "Little sweetheart," he said.

ONE June morning, with a B. A. degree and five hundred dollars, John Regan left Paxton, adventure-bound on the ten o'clock Limited. As the train moved away from the station, he came into the observation car and turned his chair to the window, a strong-looking boy with a tired face, and gray eyes seeing the last of Paxton and the red roofs of the college. Paxton was gone and Regan was glad. Clicking and swaying, the Limited rolled up the canyon, westbound to Mountain City, to San Francisco and the gray Pacific.

A girl was watching John Regan, wondering where he was going and why he was smiling. From the next chair, over her magazine her eyes took in his dark bronze hair, the strong slant of his cheek and chin, his gray tweeds and worn polished oxfords. An interesting young man. He looked like an athlete, and yet he didn't. He was a college man, but he wasn't collegiate, and, staring out of the window, he wasn't in the least aware of her.

The conductors came through, and when they had passed, John Regan noticed a handkerchief beside his chair, and, picking it up, offered it to his neighbor, a girl of eighteen or twenty, deep in her reading. It was hers. Looking up from her magazine, she took it with a murmur of surprise and a wide friendly smile. She had curling red hair and very blue eyes in a small pale face.

"Are you a Paxton man?" she asked.

He liked her voice, a kind of whisper in it, the grandchild of a brogue, a faint memory of some one's soft Kerry speech. "Yes," he said.

With no more encouragement than that she closed her magazine. She was, she explained, at the Normal School, but perhaps next year she'd go to Paxton. "Couldn't a girl," she asked, with a kind of wistful honesty, "work her way through Paxton somehow?"

He frowned. "I wouldn't advise you to try it. It's too hard a grind for a girl."

"Boys do it?"

He nodded. She was, he decided, a nice little thing, and presently was telling her how he had done it. The summers on the fire patrol, rooms for tending furnaces, and meals for washing dishes, the stores he had clerked in, and the Regan Doghouse.

"The Regan Doghouse?" Her eyes were bright with interest.

The Doghouse was a restaurant, he explained. A restaurant on wheels. In the spring of his junior year he had gone into debt for an old trailer, had equipped it with a gas stove for hot dogs and coffee, and had pulled it around with an old Model T to the football games, to the skating rink, up and down Frat Row, harvesting dimes. There was pride in his smile and his voice. "I sold it last week for the price of a ticket to Frisco and a stake for six months."

"Are you going to Frisco?"

"In August," he told her. "I'm stopping off at Mountain City tonight to see my brother Peter. He's all the family I have."

Softly she asked him, "Is your brother like you?"

He shook his head, frowning. "Peter's a grand lad," he said. "But he got off the trail. Caught in."

"Caught in?" she repeated doubtfully.

He smiled at the wondering blue eyes, a grim smile. "Married," he said.

"Oh!" A small startled sound.

And suddenly it occurred to John Regan that he was talking too much, on the verge of telling all, and one didn't

by BRASSIL FITZGERALD

ILLUSTRATION BY SEWELL BOOTH

do that. There was no reason to tell this girl about the death of his mother and father—loose gravel on a mountain road, a skid, and a sixty-foot plunge. No reason to tell her of that day at Paxton when he was a freshman and his brother Peter was a junior, and there was no more insurance money, and a man who had known their father was hiring men for the dam north of Mountain City.

He had watched Pete packing his trunk. He had said quietly, "Stick it out with me, Pete. We'll get by."

Pete had answered doggedly, "Thirty a week is too much to pass up. Don't worry, kid. I'll be back."

He hadn't come back. He had married a little schoolteacher in Mountain City, and now he was stuck there for the rest of his life, running a two-bit drugstore.

And a small dignified voice was asking John, "Do you disapprove of all marriages, or just your brother's?"

"Especially my brother's," he said. "Now let's talk about you."

But she wouldn't. There was an odd look in her eyes, an odd sound in her voice. "Do you know your brother's wife?"

John shook his head. "I've never met her. I guess she's a nice girl." And he added, smiling, "She'd have to be to get Pete."

The blue eyes didn't smile. "I'll bet no girl will *get* you." A small cold voice. "No intelligent girl," she said, and rising, walked away down the aisle.

Still with surprise, John Regan watched her go. She didn't come back.

Leaving the diner at noon, John met her again, said Hello doubtfully, and stood to the wall to let her pass. She looked at him and passed without speaking. With a face carved of reddened stone, John Regan moved on. "You'll never see her again," he told himself, lurching along through the Pullmans and beginning to smile at his own embarrassment, "and that's soon enough."

IN the blue dusk, with his bag on the platform beside him, John Regan breathed deep of cool dry air and looked at Mountain City: one bright street of stores and a dark cloud of a mountain. What a place, he thought, to spend one's life!

And a voice said, "Hello."

He was seeing the redhead again, and much too soon. With all of Montana around her, she put down her bag beside his. "Are you following me?" he asked coldly.

"No," she said. "I'm just waiting for Pete."

His heart sank. "For whom?"

Blue amused eyes and a silk-smooth voice: "I'm afraid we're relations. I'm Ellen Burke. It was my sister Ruth who 'got' your brother." She said that "got" with a delicate menacing emphasis.

"I'm sorry," he said, and, smiling feebly, "I was just joking."

Her voice was lightly wicked. "Sis has a swell sense of humor."

He made a quick and earnest appeal to her better nature: "Do you want your sister to hate me?"

This girl had no better nature. "Yes," she said.

"Hello! Hello!" It was Peter, tall, shabby, and beaming, bearing down on them with an armful of baby. "So you found each other! That's swell." He joggled the baby proudly. "This is the heir, John. We named him for you. John Aloysius Regan."

And Ellen said sweetly, "The poor little darling!"

On Monday morning, the third day of his visit, John Regan lay in his brother's back yard, doing nothing happily, drowsing and dreaming on the warm smelling grass, where he wanted to be. Through the crowded weeks to Commencement, cooking endlessly in the hot little trailer, cramming for exams when he ached for sleep, he had promised this to himself—a long loaf before he went to the coast.

ELLEN

Ellen was a nice youngster, he thought drowsily. She hadn't repeated his foolish talk on the train, and she wouldn't, he knew, lest she hurt her sister's feelings. He approved of her now, singing away in the kitchen, helping her Sis. And her Sis needed help. His brother's wife was frail, and soon now there would be two little heirs to the Regan estate, if any.

The noise of the train filled the air, whistling now into the yards, a fierce long cry that stirred in his heart. Number Eight, he thought, out of Butte to Spokane, Seattle, and San Francisco. San Francisco! Buildings tall in the sky, traffic flowing and stopping, a fog rolling in through the Golden Gate, and a liner moving to sea.

Upstairs in his room, under the tangle of ties in his drawer, with his bankbook and his Bachelor of Arts *cum laude*, he had a letter from a man in San Francisco. E. S. Douglas, Paxton, '09; Paxton's great man, the rancher's son who had made a million, who sat in an office on Market Street now, buying and selling rivers of oil, sending ships to sea, and men. He had written to John, "Come and see me in August."

John opened his eyes to bare brown legs cut off by a glistening sheet, and looked up to Ellen looking down over the top of the sheet. In silence she fastened a pin and moved on in plaid shorts and a backless bib; a pretty girl with red curls in the sun. She moved with a kind of proud quickness, as if life were grass to walk on lightly, as if hanging out clothes was important and fun. Slim as a boy, he thought, watching her idly; but not like a boy; like a girl who might race a boy and beat him.

He said teasingly, "You'd make a good ad for a washing soap, Ellen. 'Ellie, the wet-wash maiden.' But you'd have to smile. Can't you smile? Think of something nice. A long cold drink, or me," he added modestly.

She pinned up a small white garment and said, "I was thinking of you." A quiet impersonal little voice. "Wondering how you can lie there so comfortably when your brother needs help."

John eyed her skeptically, biting a grass blade. "What's the matter with Pete?"

She shook out a towel and hung it. "He may lose the store in August. There's a note or something."

John grinned at her lazily. "You must have written it, Ellen." His eyes mocked her. "Pete told me last night he was doing very well."

"He would," she said quietly. "The Bachelor of Arts mustn't be bothered. John Aloysius got very tired," she explained gently, "holding off all the girls at Paxton. Now he must rest. He must take his sun baths." She picked up her basket, and walked to the house.

JOHN heard the screen door close and lay back on crossed arms, scowling up at the warm June sky. A beautiful day. And Ellen had spoiled it for him. He didn't believe her at all, but trying to think of E. S. Douglas and China, he kept thinking of drugstores and notes. He couldn't relax, and he didn't like Ellen. After a while he got up and went into the house to put on a shirt.

He came down the stairs, listened for Ellen, and, not hearing her, went very quietly out the front door and down Broadway, all six blocks of it. These towns are all alike, he thought. A main street and a depot, no tenements, no mansions; safe little people leading safe little lives. Somebody else may have Mountain City.

In the back room of the Regan drugstore he sat on a stool and watched Peter mixing a prescription under a green-coned light. Acid-stained hands, deft and sure at their work. Pete was a good pharmacist.

John said casually, hugging his knee in clasped hands, "You don't want to hire a clerk, do you, Pete?"

Without turning, his brother shook his head.

"A good clerk," John insisted. "In other words, me."

Pete turned and looked at him. "I thought you needed a rest."

John grinned. "That was Friday. This is Monday. I've had my rest."

Pete's smile was a little embarrassed. "To tell the truth, Jack, I can't afford to hire any one right now. I've got a note to meet August first. Until that's taken care of, I won't have a dime to spare."

"Can't you renew it?"

Pete shook his head.

Jack was hugging his knee in clasped hands. Ellen had been telling the truth. There was trouble in the back of Pete's eyes.

"I don't want any wages," he said, "but I've got a month to kill, and I might as well make myself useful. Starting tomorrow, you've got a clerk."

Pete shook his head. "No, I want you to have your vacation."

Jack frowned at him. "Listen, Pete. I work or I pay board, or I'm off to Frisco tonight."

Pete surrendered. "All right, you work," he said. And, very quietly, "Thank you, Jack."

The brothers grinned at each other, liking each other, feeling a sympathy, a Regan oneness. And a customer coming in from the street saved them from a moment of softness. Pete glanced through the door. "Why, it's Ellen," he said.

When John got off his stool and went out, Ellen was at the counter, a slim daughter of leisure in a frilly blue dress, unaware of Monday washings, saying to Peter, "Now, don't worry about Ruth. She's feeling fine today."

And Pete was beaming. John eyed his brother with a kind of wondering interest. Peter's wife was a nice girl but no beauty. She had freckles and mouse-colored hair, and when Johnny fussed she was apt to be cross with Peter. And yet, just thinking of her, just hearing that she was feeling fine, put a deep shiny light in his eyes. This thing called love, thought Jack, and smiled at his brother. He, himself, was immune, and glad of it.

Ellen turned with her package. "Coming home for luncheon, John?"

"Yes," he said rashly, and they went out together into the noontime brightness. And there on the sidewalk, in a huge wicker carriage, was the heir of the Regans, crowing and drooling, and waving a rattle in fat little hands.

"See," Ellen cried rapturously, "he knows you! He wants Uncle John to push him. Don't you, darling?"

It was too late to retreat. With a self-conscious and slightly strained smile, John got behind the vehicle and pushed it along, while the baby eyed him gravely with round blue eyes, and Ellen chatted beside him, enjoying the stores and the morning and the admiring attention of the public. At Main and Broadway, she showed him how to lower the carriage from curb to street slowly and carefully, near wheels first; and the policeman stopped traffic for them.

On the sidewalk again, Ellen stopped at the movie house to study the posters of Greta Garbo. "I do want to see that picture," Ellen remarked, as they went along. "Tonight's the last night," she added wistfully.

John said nothing, and frowned at two high-school girls who were ogling Johnny.

An old gentleman came along and, stopping, examined the baby as if he were public property. He prodded him gently with a long bony finger and gave his verdict. "A fine boy," he said. "A fine boy. And he looks like you both."

John reddened. "No, he doesn't," he protested. "I mean it's—it's not mine. I mean—"

The old man glared at him and went on. Ellen giggled, and for no good reason the baby crowed with glee.

THE end was not yet. They were under the shade of the cottonwoods, a quiet block from the house, when a smart green roadster flowed to a stop beside them. At the wheel, grinning widely, was Clem Robbins, Mountain City's contribution to the sophomore class at Paxton; a good-looking and foolish youth with black curls and a Hollywood shirt.

"Hello, little one," he said cordially to Ellen. And to John, "Whose brat, Regan? He looks like you."

"Run along," John said. "One infant's enough."

Clem smiled, giving Ellen his bold and approving attention. "Well, little one," he said, "what are you doing tonight?"

Before she could answer him, John said, "Sorry, Clem. She's going to the movies with me."

"Well, Abyssinia," Clem said warmly, and rolled away.

When he had gone, John looked at Ellen. "Just where," he asked dryly, "did you meet Clem Robbins?"

"Oh, I just met him," Ellen said airily and vaguely.

John nodded, frowning. "As you did me, I suppose." And, with rebuking irony, "What will you do when you run out of handkerchiefs?"

Red storm signals flew in Ellen's cheeks and her voice was stormy. "You're not my guardian, John Regan. And I haven't the slightest intention," she added fiercely, "of going to the movies with you."

The sound of her voice distressed the baby and he set up a frightened wail. Ellen bent over him, hushing and cuddling. "No, no, darling," she crooned. "Auntie Ellen won't let him hurt you."

A nice morning! There under the trees was the Regan porch. Home, sweet home!

That evening, across the dinner table, Pete said to his wife, "Well, Ruth, I had a piece of luck today. A fellow came into the store and gave me a present. About thirty-five days, to be exact."

Ruth gave her husband a tired smile. "If I didn't know you better, Peter, I'd think you had been drinking. What *are* you talking about?"

Peter beamed at his wife. "The kid brother's going to work for me," he said, "till the first of August. Free, gratis."

Ruth looked very pleased. "You shouldn't let him do it."

Ellen said nothing.

Peter's voice was proud: "I can't stop him, Ruth. We're like that, we Regans."

Ellen smiled at her sister. "These Regans," she said. But her blue eyes said Thank you to John.

At eight o'clock Ellen came into the living room and demurely announced, "It's time we got started, John."

John rose, grinning.

WHEN they came out of the movies it was too early to go home. A wind-cool moon-bright night for going places and doing things. Peter's old car sang to the road, ten miles across the valley, a mile through pines, and there was the lake and Whitley's Pavilion of Pleasure, colored lights through the trees, and the pulsing music, a rhythm of drums and a saxophone moaning.

Under the pines and the colored lights they danced for an hour, sixty gay minutes. Light and strange in his arms, with her cropped red curls and small pale face, Ellen was lovely in black and silver, and she danced like a wind-blown flame. She danced so well that John stopped counting his steps and believed her when she told him that he was a natural dancer.

They were ending a waltz when Clem Robbins appeared, Joe College himself in a Paxton sweater and white flannels. He strolled over and announced, "That will do, Regan. You'll learn, watching us. Come, little one."

But the little one slipped her arm through John's. "Some other night," she said demurely, and, "Thank you so much."

John grinned at Clem. "Good night, youngster."

They were at home again, on the steps of the porch in the moonlight. Behind them the little house was dark and quiet, and the wine of the night was in John. Moonlight and wind-stirred shadows and Ellen beside him, a softness against his arm, a ghost of fragrance and a whispery voice. "Pete thinks you're swell." A small low voice close to his shoulder. "So do I."

JOHN

And so did he, breathing deep of the moonlight, feeling his heart go shaky and fast, wondering what she would do if he kissed her. The sprinkler on the lawn whispered silver spray. He turned to the dark waiting eyes and her face was like a small white flower. "Little

sweetheart," he said. His arms were awkward and strong; his lips were shy and fierce. What would she do? She kissed him back and was quiet against him in the white singing silence, the moon-strange whispering night.

Above the dark trees at the street's end, high on the mountainside, a beacon flashed, guiding a plane in from Butte. And over them, in the dark house, little Johnny woke and wailed; a light flared on the grass and they heard Peter moving, coming down to the kitchen.

Ellen sighed and stirred, sat away from him, smoothing rumpled curls. "That's his colic song," she said. "I'd better go in before they wake Ruth." A touch of her hand, like a fleeting caress on his hair. A whispered "Good night." The screen door closed softly behind her, and the moonlight was just moonlight again.

The wailing stopped, the light went from the grass. John sat on, thinking—again. Ellen was a darling. You could fall in love with a girl like Ellen. If you wanted a wife, you'd want one like Ellen; but if you didn't, if you had a date with adventure in August, you'd be wise to keep August in mind on moonlit nights in June.

Casually, at the breakfast table, he told Peter about E. S. Douglas of Market Street who might send him to China. "For five or ten years," he said.

And Ellen said nothing, serving the breakfast. He wasn't sure she had heard him.

Coming home from the store that night, a block from the house he saw Clem Robbins's white trousers on the porch. "Hello, children," he said, coming up the steps, and, refusing to see Clem's conceited smile, went in to work, at the dining-room table, sketching a signboard for the Regan Drug Co. For a long while he heard them out there, a murmur of voices and laughter.

Then Ellen came in, smiled at him briefly, and went singing softly upstairs. The words of that singing weren't clear, but the meaning was: "Don't worry, John," the gay tune whispered. "To me, as to you, a kiss in the moonlight is just a kiss in the moonlight." He understood. He was glad, and a little disappointed in Ellen.

July was a long hot month and John worked long hours at the store, giving himself to the problem of Peter's business as if it were his own, as if his own future hung on the note that his brother must pay August first. Forgetting for hours at a time the blue seas that beckoned and the blue eyes at the house that said go, he dressed the windows and held penny sales and drove around town making smiling and fast deliveries.

John was no genius. There had been men in his class at Paxton with more brilliant minds than his. But this he had: the power and the habit of working hard. This task—any work he started—became a cup into which he poured his energies, all of his energies, and every day.

An old common key to success, but it opens more doors than the pretty gold one of Phi Beta Kappa. And it kept ringing open the cash register in the Regan drugstore, while Peter worked happily in his little back room and guessed the depression was over; while Ellen gave her days to little Johnny and her evenings to Clem and others.

JULY was ending on a long hot Saturday. At one o'clock and the day's high tide, when customers were two deep at the fountain, Dr. Phelan came in and took Peter into the back room to talk about Ruth. Phelan stayed and stayed, while Jack kept scooping and pouring and smiling, and the register jingled steadily.

At five, when the rush had ebbed, Ellen came in to bring Peter home to supper. Ruth was feeling better, she said, and Pete smiled, but his eyes were afraid. "Stop worrying," Ellen told him and perched at the counter, cool and pretty in a white linen frock, ignoring Jack. "Business good, Peter?"

Pete nodded, smiling. "Never better. I'll have the money in the bank Monday to meet that note."

"I'm proud of you, Pete," she said.

He shook his head. "Jack's the one to be proud of. He's made the difference."

Ellen didn't look at Jack. "You'll miss Jack, won't you?" she said to Pete, and her voice implied that Pete was the only one who would miss him.

Pete grinned. "And how!" he said. "Jack's a salesman; I'm just a pharmacist. Together, we'd lick this game." His voice was suddenly serious. "How about it, Jack? Regan and Regan? You could do worse, and I couldn't do better."

No one spoke for a moment. Then Jack said, "I'm leaving on Monday, Pete."

Ellen slipped from her stool. "Let's go, Pete," she said lightly. She smiled then, looking at Jack, a proud shy gallant smile. "I wish you luck, Jack," she said. "All the luck in China."

He watched them go out together, the slim redheaded girl and his tired round-shouldered brother.

Waiting for Peter to come back from supper, Jack was glad that Peter had spoken at last about the partnership. He had known that Pete had it in mind, that Ruth and Pete and Ellen had talked it all over together. Pete did need a partner.

One of these days, Jack knew, there would be a large modern drugstore in Mountain City, and he knew, too, that it wouldn't be Peter's.

That was Pete's hard luck, he told himself crossly; he had his own life to live, and a letter from E. S. Douglas.

PETER didn't come back at all that evening. After eleven, Jack closed the store and walked home, tired and hungry, and annoyed with Peter. These expectant fathers, he thought crossly, there should be homes for them.

A hot night. Not enough breeze to stir the leaves; stars like fires in a sky of black velvet. And tomorrow was August first.

Ellen was on the porch rocking young Johnny. Her low singing stopped at the sound of his feet on the walk. He came up the steps and looked at them under the light. "Where's Pete?" he asked crossly.

"Hush," she said. "He took Ruth to the hospital."

He stood frowning down at her, hard-boiled and glad of it. "Babies," he muttered, "aren't worth what they cost."

Her dark eyes reproached him. "Even Johnny?"

He looked at the little pink moon of a face, sleepy against her shoulder. "Is he sick?"

She shook her head. "He just feels the heat."

"Especially Johnny," he said firmly, and went into the house.

The sound of Ellen's singing followed him in, something low and sad about a little gray home in the west.

The living room was still and empty; the kitchen still and messy with the unwashed litter of supper. He looked in the icebox. There were eggs and cold spinach. He lit the gas to boil water for coffee.

Before the water was boiling Ellen came out. "He's asleep at last," she said, and, sighing, "He knew something was wrong. He cried and cried, the poor little darling."

Jack took a cold biscuit from the table. "He needed a spanking," he said.

Ellen's voice was gentle: "You've had a long day, Jack. Sit down and I'll get you some supper."

He was glad to sit down, to watch Ellen moving quickly and lightly, setting a place for him, warming the frying pan. The sizzling of butter was a very nice sound.

Ellen broke an egg on the rim of the pan, dropped it neatly, and said, "I guess Dr. Phelan is scared about Ruth. He took her in the ambulance and she's going to have a private room."

Jack nodded. "More expense," he said gloomily.

Ellen turned from the stove at that, her eyes still and bright with anger. "John Regan," she said bitterly, "you don't care for any one, do you?"

He didn't want her to hate him. "Yes, I do, Ellen," he said gently. "But I'm not sentimental, and I'm taking care of myself. That's a man's first job—to take care of himself."

Ellen didn't answer that. Her small chin high, her lips pursed in a soundless whistle, she untied her apron and hung it behind the pantry door, strolled to the mirror over the set tubs and stood studying herself, tucking in a red curl.

His voice was indignant: "Those eggs are burning."

Ellen sniffed delicately. "Yes," she said, and sauntered across the kitchen. At the dining-room door she turned and her eyes were dark and wicked. "Well, take care of yourself," she said gently, and left him alone with two smoking eggs and coffee boiling over. He drank muddy coffee and ate a cold biscuit.

When he went into the living room, Ellen was curled on the lounge looking at the ads in the back of a magazine. She said, "Peter hasn't telephoned." Her voice was troubled. "He said he would."

Jack went to the mirror and straightened his tie.

"Are you going out?" she asked nervously.

He looked at her and disapproved of her. "Yes," he said, and walked out of the room. Sheepishly he came back again from the hall. "I'm going down to the hospital," he said. "If there's news, I'll call you."

"Thank you, Jack." Her eyes were grateful and asked forgiveness.

"Not at all," he answered her with cold courtesy.

Around the street lamp on the corner a bat was circling and swooping.

All down the street the little houses were dark and quiet. In a day or two now he'd be saying good-by to Ellen. Jack strolled down the street by the dark little houses, saying good-by to Ellen.

At the hospital he found Pete at the end of a long bare hall, by himself, in a kind of waiting-room alcove; a bright dreary place, with a mission table and two stiff chairs in a stale odor of flowers.

Peter sat, his hat on his lap, looking haggard and tired.

Jack's eyes questioned him.

"No news," Pete said. His hands were nervous at the brim of his hat. "They put me out, Jack."

Jack wanted to comfort him and didn't know how. "She'll be all right," he said.

Pete didn't answer.

Jack took the other chair, and the moments passed. Peter sat there listening and listening. There was nothing to hear; only the soft pad of a nurse passing, the faint click and whine of the elevator going up and coming down. Jack closed his eyes against the hard yellow light, felt sleepy, opened his eyes, and closed them again. Just for a moment.

He woke suddenly, hearing voices. Dr. Phelan and Pete were talking, and behind them the windows were turning gray. Pete's voice was a troubled mutter.

"Of course there's danger," Phelan said wearily. "There's Prentice, in Butte. He'd fly over in an hour."

Peter muttered again.

Dr. Phelan shrugged. "He's the best man in the state."

"Get Prentice," Pete said.

Dr. Phelan nodded. "You can see her now," he said.

Peter turned then to Jack. His face was white and his eyes were bright with fear. But his voice was quiet enough. "Better get Ellen," he said. "The car's out front."

Jack nodded. There was a sudden lump in his throat. He put a hand on the shiny serge of Pete's arm, gripped hard for a second, and went down the long hall into the gray clean-smelling dawn.

IT was daylight when he parked in front of the house; robins were noisy on the lawn and a milk truck went rattling by.

Ellen was on the lounge in the living room with a blanket. She sat up, white and frightened.

"Ruth's pretty sick," he said. "You had better come down."

She caught her breath sharply, but all she said was, "I'll dress Johnny and take him across to the Hutchens."

He was up in his room, buttoning on a fresh shirt, while he waited for Ellen, looking out of his window over the slant of the porch. A boy rode by on a bicycle and he heard the thud of the Sunday paper thrown up on the porch. A specialist and a plane from Butte, he thought. Pete's out of luck. Pete's sunk. He heard the whistle of a train coming out of the mountains, a long, fierce shrill call through the Sunday stillness. Number Six, westbound to San Francisco. San Francisco! He saw it in his mind: buildings half in the sky, a harbor with gulls flying, and a liner moving to sea, and China, over the curve of the world.

While he stood there, buttoning the last button, Ellen came out of the house carrying Johnny next door to the Hutchens; a thin young girl hurrying across the lawn, just a Normal School kid with a baby. She'd have one of her own some day and carry it like that. What was there in a girl's slim back and one little arm about her neck, to hurt like a knife in your heart? He watched her out of sight and went to his bureau for a tie.

There in the little drawer, under a tangle of ties, were his papers: the precious letter from Douglas, his B. A. degree in a neat leather case, and his bankbook. Picking up the little book, he opened it and looked at the scribbled entries: "March 3d, $30.00." That was the tuxedo he hadn't bought for the senior prom. "June 8th, $490.00." That was the business he had made for himself. That was his future. Ellen was calling up from downstairs. Biting his lip, he slipped the bankbook back under the ties and closed the drawer slowly.

BRASSIL FITZGERALD

first saw the light in South Framingham, Massachusetts, and has been a soldier in the World War, a broker's clerk, a reporter, a teacher of college English, and a fiction writer. Years ago he sold his first story to the Atlantic Monthly and his second to Breezy Stories. He is married and is very proud of his daughter.

WHEN they reached the hospital, Pete was there in the waiting room. At the sound of them he turned from the window to say, "Prentice came. We'll know soon." His voice was all right, but a muscle in his cheek kept twitching.

Ellen tried to smile and took one of the golden-oak chairs. The room held the dead air of the night. Jack moved past Pete and opened the window. The brothers stood there side by side, looking down at the empty street. Behind them breakfasts were being served; nurses and trays, a rattling of dishes and the odor of coffee. Then the hall got quiet again. The moments were like hours.

Quick feet came down the hall, came into the room. It was Dr. Phelan. He said crossly, "An eight-pound girl."

Pete said, "My wife?"

Phelan stood there, a fat bald little man with a fat tired face, a beautiful face. "She'll do," he said smiling. "She'll need care for a while."

"She'll get it," Pete said.

The doctor nodded and was gone again. In the little room was only the quiet sound of Ellen's crying.

Pete said almost fiercely:

"Don't either of you two say a word to Ruth about that plane from Butte. She's not to worry about the store."

Ellen said, "Will you lose the store?"

He nodded.

Her voice trembled. "What will you do?"

He held out his hands at that, lean brown-stained hands, and he smiled. "I've got these," he said. "My babies will eat."

Jack looked at his brother: thinning brown hair, white tired face, and the smiling mouth. And suddenly he knew. To marry, to have children and care for them, that was the dangerous living: In Mountain City or in China, that was the greatest adventure of all.

"Forget it, Pete," he said gently. "I've got some money."

Pete shook his head. "You'll need it, Jack," he said. "China's a long way off."

"China is out," Jack said, and turned away from the look in his brother's face.

Pete's voice was proud in the quiet room. "Regan and Regan," he said.

Ellen said nothing. Dabbing powder on tear-streaked cheeks, she lifted her eyes to Jack, blue wide eyes with happiness in them like sunlight.

He stood tall, smiling down at her, welcoming love and a life of adventure.

THE END

THE HELL WE KNEW TOGETHER

by

Mrs. JAMES J. BRADDOCK

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

PEOPLE seldom think of a boxer's wife as anything but a doll, presiding over an expensive house perhaps, counting her jeweled bracelets, thinking up new ways to spend money, new places to buy hats and dresses.

But if I never gave more than passing thought to personal adornment, I did learn to fight. I learned during the depression, and I learned from Jim Braddock, the most courageous man, I sometimes think, in all the world.

In those days we were actually hungry. Fair-weather friends and back-slappers who made big promises when Jim was winner night after night in the ring all disappeared. The world simply walked out on us.

Jim had been persuaded to put part of his earnings in a taxi business and part in stocks. He didn't really know anything about business. His money was wiped out—a fair-sized fortune. The bones of his right hand had been badly set and did not knit properly. Four times they have been smashed—in bouts with Abe Feldman, Martin Levendowski, Paul Swiderski, and in the fight in which he knocked out Corn Griffin. This last was in preliminaries exactly a year to the day before the battle with Baer which made Jim Braddock world heavyweight champion. He was undernourished and, with a wife and three little children to house, clothe, and feed, he was almost in despair.

Even with his bad hand he had worked all day and fought in small matches whenever he could, but they were few and far between. Finally the news of Jim's hand injuries got around and word was spread that he was through as a fighter. Fights that had been partially arranged were called off, and one in particular, for which he had trained for weeks, with heavy expense.

Jim had a doctor examine his right hand and was told it would cost $2,500 to fix it up. It would have to be broken again. If the expense had been ten dollars it would have been just as impossible for us to pay it, so Jim thought up something. He managed to get one last fight.

"Doc," he said, "if I bust that mitt of mine the same way I did before, would it do? If I break it in a fight on the other guy's head, could you fix it?"

The doctor looked Jim up and down and his lips slowly curved into a queer grim smile. "If you've got the nerve," he said, "it might be all right."

"Thanks, doc."

A few weeks later the match took place. Jim hit his man a terrific blow on the forehead. The bones of the hand gave way all right, but the opponent lasted seven more rounds. It was not the first time Jim had kept on fighting with a broken hand. Incidentally, he has had to use his left so much while his right was mending that he has developed a deadly left-hand punch, which gives him an advantage now that his right is "better than new."

He made enough from that fight to settle the surgeon's bill and have a little left over. But he knew he would not be able to enter the ring again for months. It was at this point that my spirits caught fire from Jim's marvelous pluck and I began fighting.

First, I hunted a cheaper place to live. I found three rooms in the building we had lived in ever since our marriage, and we moved right in. As I packed the silver and china, I couldn't help thinking back to the day Jim and I had our beautiful big wedding, in January, 1930. How different things were then! Jim's financial security seemed so solid. He was only twenty-four, but it was not unusual for a fighter in his class to draw gate receipts around the $10,000 mark. It never occurred to him it wouldn't go on that way forever.

He felt he could afford, and really ought to have, a large-scale wedding. So after the ceremony at St. Joseph's-on-the-Palisades, we had a breakfast for 1,500 guests. The party lasted all day and far into the night, with vaudeville and no end of refreshments provided. Practically all the celebrities of the sports world who were reachable came, and a perfect army of newspaper writers. It was Jim's way of saying thank you to all who had been his friends.

I felt sure few American girls had so thrilling a wedding as mine. The world was all rose-colored and the future seemed a heaven. A few more big fights and Jim would quit the ring. Then we would go places and do things. Paris was my dream, but Ireland first, for that was where my folks came from—Dublin and County Clare.

"I'd rather see Spain," Jim used to say. He craved to see a bullfight! "But what I really want to do is go into a business I know something about."

Of course he meant a physical-training place. He still has that ambition.

But I have got off the track. I was describing those black days of two years ago.

We came slowly to the point where there was absolutely no work on the docks or anywhere else, and we owed bills. We would take a dollar in change and portion it out—fifteen cents for cold ham and bread for sandwiches, a dime for beans, a quarter for the children's milk, another for oatmeal. I racked my brains and my old cookbook for nourishing dishes made from the cheapest meat and fish I could find. But we soon gave even this up, for the kids had to have milk and rice and a little fruit. My father and brothers were all out of work, winter was coming on, and I was expecting a third baby! I used to bite my lips to hold back from crying long enough to get Jim out of the house.

He used to tramp around to the business places and offices of men who had in happier days promised him work—if he should ever need it. He wanted to be a policeman, he thought, or a fireman. There was one person in particular Jim counted his friend. He was prominent politically in New Jersey, was in fact a national figure of wealth and influence, and almost by the turn of his hand could have placed Jim in some job. This man had spoken at banquets in Jim's honor, never failing to emphasize what a great fellow Jim was and how genuine was his esteem and friendship.

Only a few times in my life have I seen Jim mad. Once was when he came home bone-tired and half sick.

"Why," I asked him, "don't you go to see your old admirer? Put pride in your pocket, Jim, and ask him to put you into one of those jobs he always said—"

"I've been to his office every day for a week," he almost shouted. "He won't even see me."

"Are you sure he knew you were there? Secretaries sometimes won't let—"

He turned angry eyes on me.

"He knew," he said huskily, and left the room.

He had never spoken that way before; never complained when people he had lent money to in the days of plenty "forgot" to repay, even though they had it.

He did manage to get work next day as a laborer on the

The Braddocks today with their youngsters, Howard, James, and Rose Marie. In circle: As pre-depression bride and groom, at their lavish wedding breakfast.

The Champion's Wife Bares the Heart-Searching Story of a Tragic, Inspiring Past

New York harbor docks. His right hand was still bandaged, so he used his left, with all the steam behind it that he could muster. He even used to joke with the others, telling them what good practice it was for his left.

The months that followed proved him to me as never before. I learned what champions are made of. In rain and wind and snow and sleet he worked long heartbreaking hours unloading coal, steel rails, crossties, and logs. He dragged home at night, walking to save the nickel fare. But that wasn't all. He worked on the night shift too. He would take a shower, change into dry clothes, sit down at the table for what he called his rest period, and hurriedly swallow the beef stew or spareribs and cabbage that made a welcome meal for us those days. Then back he would tramp to the docks.

Jim earned fifty-two cents an hour, and the double shifts were our salvation. Unless you have seen stevedores at work, you have no idea of the superhuman strength they must have and the will power too. Jim learned how to balance the weight and lift and deposit his loads with a certain swing that conserved his strength. There never was a night I didn't go to bed filled with dread that he would take pneumonia or have some awful accident.

That winter passed like an eternity. We managed to eke out an existence and fight our battle together. The children got on my nerves something terrible. I can smile at it now, but I'll never forget one morning. After cleaning the kitchen like wax, I came home from the grocer's to find a mountain of stuff in the middle of the floor. The babies had emptied out all my sugar, flour, coffee, tea, and oatmeal. I threw myself across the bed and cried till I was exhausted. It made me feel better and I fell into a sort of half-sleep. When I woke I heard whispers and shufflings in the kitchen and found my brother and Jim trying to clean up. It was days before I got the corners free from the mixture they had swept into them!

Jim's work on the wharfs had begun to dwindle to half-days. My baby was born in May and, thanks to our kind-hearted family doctor, it was possible for me to be at my parents' home for the event. We called her Rose Marie. But her coming gave us three young mouths to feed, and Jim spent hours standing in line at employment agencies begging for a laborer's chance.

"It is tough," he said one night—and it was the first envious word I'd ever heard him speak, "to see some guys that never did a day's work able to find ways to make money, and me without even a longshoreman's job. Friends of mine, too, they used to call themselves. Friends!"

"You've only had to give up the ring for the time being, Jim," I'd try to remind him brightly. "You're going to be a world's champion yet!"

"Huh!" he'd grunt. "Maybe I could be if I could get back where I was; but—"

I couldn't help feeling I was his biggest handicap—I and the children. I began to wonder if I couldn't fight for Jim

better from a distance. My mother had a small cottage in the mountains and asked us to come. She had little enough, goodness knows, but there would be milk and fresh air for the babies, and we owed three months' rent and a milk bill of thirty-seven dollars that worried us terribly.

The landlord was a real friend. He kept our furniture there and told us to pack up our duds and take the kids into the country. He would wait for his money as long as necessary. So we went, and Jim lived with my brother Howard; they had always been great pals and it was through Howard that I first met my Jim.

No job materialized for him, but the change did me and the children good. I overcame some of my fear and nervousness and it put more fight into me. In September I determined to go back. His hand was well again and seemed stronger than ever. The opening of the fall season gave him new hope for ring engagements.

And yet it didn't take long for our darkest day to come. Jim had gone over to New York to see about a job that promised well. Never before had we so desperately needed one. Our bills had run up since my return from the country and there was nothing left in the house to eat except a few dry slices of bread, some cold fried potatoes, and part of a can of salmon. There was no one we could borrow from. I shook my purse; a dime and four pennies fell out.

It was growing dark. I put the children to bed and rehearsed the smile I intended to give Jim when he came home. Soon I heard him, and one glance at his face told me he hadn't got the job. It cost me a hard fight, but I put on the smile somehow. It met with no response.

"For God's sake, Mae, turn on the lights," he said.

For a moment I couldn't speak; couldn't tell him. He gave me an impatient look and started for the lamp.

"There—there are no lights, Jim," I whispered. "The man came today and cut them off, and the gas, too. Oh, don't you care, Jim!" I was getting beside myself. "Let's not care, dear. We won't starve—nobody starves—we'll use candles and laugh at—"

His expression stopped me—and frightened me. Then without a word he dashed out of the house, only to return in twenty minutes, still angry and grim.

"The electric company's office was closed. But I don't see why they couldn't have drawn on the deposit we've got there and not turned the current off. Well"—after a pause—"there's only one thing left for us—"

We had talked and argued over going on relief, and I knew the subject was like lashing a raw wound to Jim.

"We'll have to do it, damn the luck!" he suddenly blurted out. "We can't let the kids go hungry. I'd rather be cut in pieces, Mae—but we've got to!"

And again he plunged out of the room, coming back in a few minutes with four candles. Meantime I had ransacked the kitchen for any leftovers there might be around. All I could find was dry ends of bread, a dish of beets, and a little milk for the children. I et it out and we ate the miserable scraps without speaking.

FOR once in my life I saw Jim's chin down—and it was just too much. I sprang from my chair and threw my arms about him.

"It can't last, Jim!" I said again and again. "It can't and it won't. I'm with you and you're with me. We'll live to look back at this and smile—I know we will!"

I raved on, hardly knowing what I said, knowing only that I must comfort him somehow. Nobody in this world but me knows what it cost Jim Braddock to take that step. "Going on relief" was just the one thing he couldn't think of and keep from boiling over.

Well, the night passed somehow, and in the morning Jim went down to the police station, where every one knew him, and arranged the matter easily enough and privately. Once the step was taken he seemed calmer. The man in charge of local relief work proved to be an old schoolmate of Jim's, and so well did he keep our secret that not even our closest friends knew we were living on six dollars and forty cents a week out of public funds. Almost immediately things got better. Our lights and gas were turned on, and that alone cheered us up. Milk was delivered regularly for the babies, and for ourselves I managed pretty well on two or three dollars a week.

It went along this way until the Lasky fight. Jim trained in New York, and walked to training quarters and home again. The exercise helped—and saved carfares.

The night of the Lasky fight came. I was too unnerved to listen on our radio. But everybody else's was on, and I couldn't help hearing the blows being called, louder and louder as excitement grew. I got so worked up that I fell on my knees and actually prayed.

At last the suspense was more than I could bear. I could only catch vague shouts. It would be better to hear clearly. I snapped on the radio in the eighth round. Jim hadn't been eating right—Jim was tired, would never be able to last fifteen rounds—Jim's broken hand—Jim—

Then like lightning came the words of the announcer: "Jim Braddock WINS!!!"

The two or three hours until he got home dragged like a week. At last he came, looking like a new man.

"Mae—I've got a chore to do first thing in the morning—"

Before he could tell what, I guessed it: To pay off that $337 we had received from the relief bureau.

WE owed a lot of money besides, but even when it was paid off there was enough left for Jim to train on properly for his next fight. In April he came home one night with a smile that reached from ear to ear.

"Big news, little Mae, big *news!* The Boxing Commission declares me number one contender for the championship—heavyweight championship—big fight—Max Baer maybe—high stakes."

I have never seen Jim so jubilant.

He went into training at Loch Sheldrake. Then one day the mayor of our little town learned in some way that we had received relief money, and took it for granted we were still doing so. I suppose he thought it would be a good slam at his opponent, who was a member of the relief commission, to broadcast this. Anyway, he told his audience:

"Jim Braddock's family is being supported by the city. Milk for his children was delivered today at his door, paid for out of public funds."

We were living on what was left of the proceeds of the Lasky fight, and this statement hurt me terribly. We had, of course, repaid the whole amount weeks before, and this error shamed me so that I stayed indoors for a whole week, unable to face the neighbors. Then the newspapers took up the story and Jim read it. I would never have told him.

Added to that was a published interview with Max Baer to the effect that he had once killed a man in a fight—or the man had died almost immediately after it—and that he was only afraid he *might* kill Jim. This sharpened to the keenest edge a fear I had always had that Jim would be hurt in the ring, or even killed. I was now almost beside myself. The night of Jim's meeting with Max Baer, I went to mother's, trying to say to myself Jim's words as he had left home:

"When we meet again, Mae, I'll be champ!"

"But what," I kept thinking, "if Baer should be right, and not Jim!"

To my dismay, quite a lot of people were there—my father and mother, other relatives, friends, and plenty of our neighbors. Reporters, too; and they kept glancing at me and asking how I felt about everything. I began to numb with fright and suspense. At last as in a dream I heard the hoarse loud voice of the announcer: ". . . a new world's champion, Jimmy Braddock!"

The reporters began to gather round me. Cameras clicked. Flashlights. Everybody talked. I felt giddy and queer but happy. Sounds came in from the street—shouts and whistles and many voices in steady rhythm:

"Braddock! Braddock! Braddock!"

It was almost too much. I wanted to laugh and cry and give up holding on to myself. Hysterical, in a way I'd never been before in all our troubles.

Then the telephone, and Jim's voice, breathless, excited, asking what I thought of the fight.

"I don't know, darling! I can't think. I'm excited and upset and crazy and wild with joy. Oh, *Jim!!*"

THE END

Morning Star

Liberty's SHORT SHORT

by NARD JONES

READING TIME
5 MINUTES
20 SECONDS

WHISTLING softly, George Morris withdrew from their cabinet the metal drawers of stamps, stacked them neatly to carry across the room to the safe. When both the stamps and the cashboxes had been deposited, and the heavy door swung shut, Morris walked about the small enclosure, surveying everything with the quiet care he used all day in his work at the small branch post office.

He was a young man, twenty-five at most, perhaps a bit younger. His movements, his voice were smooth and contented. His eyes were pleasant enough but a little tired. Not a weariness beneath or around them but something in the eyes themselves. He gave somewhat the appearance of a man who has recovered from a serious and racking illness and is being more than ordinarily careful of himself.

A pretty, determined woman was waiting for him, parked at the curb in a sedan. The car's only definite quality was that it was inexpensive.

"George! George, I've got some good news, but I don't want you to be mad."

He climbed behind the wheel and kissed her. "Why should I get mad at good news?"

"I let Tony take a screen test today."

His jaw set hard and the weariness suddenly left his eyes. "Ellen, I've told you I wished you'd cut out your fool notions about that kid."

"But it turned out all right, George." She drew her breath sharply. "They—they want to talk to us about it."

He turned to her. "I suppose you mentioned—"

"No. I—I didn't know what to tell them. I left that to you."

"You shouldn't have taken him down there."

"But, George, the test turned out all right. Mr. Lawson—he's the one we saw—telephoned they were very much interested and would I come down."

"Forget it," George said good-naturedly.

"George, I'm not going to let you be such a fool."

"I'm not going to let *you* be one." His face had resumed its impassivity. "More to the point, I'm not going to let you make an idiot of Tony. Good Lord, Ellen, the kid's only *five!*"

"I'm almost thirty, George. And we ought to have more than we have now."

"We're not going to get it at the expense of the kid. We had something once, and that's more than a lot of people can say. I guess that spoiled you a little, Ellen."

"I'm not spoiled. Only—" She made a helpless little gesture.

"Things are all right now. I've a good steady job and the house is just about paid for. Maybe next year we can get a new car. I know lots of people who aren't in our fix, and so do you."

Nothing more was said until they reached the garage behind the one-story suburban house which George Morris was buying. He drew back the brake. "Where's Tony now?"

"I left him next door."

"Let's not argue this in front of him. This movie business is out and that's all there is to it, Ellen."

"Wouldn't you do it for him even if you wouldn't for us?"

"It's him I'm thinking of."

While Ellen went to retrieve Tony from the neighbor, George washed up, settled into his favorite chair with the evening newspaper. In a few moments Tony preceded his mother noisily through the kitchen door. Morris watched him. A thin child with wide expressive eyes. He looked three rather than five, and his well coordinated movements gave him an amusing carriage too old for his build.

"Hello, fellah." Morris reached into his pocket.

"Hello, dad." A small hand extended in a matter-of-fact gesture that was both in salutation and to take the stick of gum. "Mommy and I went some place today, but she told me not to say anything about it."

"Sure, I know. But mommy decided to tell me all about it, so you don't have to tell me. Just go wash your hands for dinner. And don't start chewing that gum now." . . .

"What'll I tell Mr. Lawson?" Ellen wanted to know at breakfast. "Now that it's started I don't see how you can avoid him. He'll probably come and see you."

George grinned. "I'll throw him out."

Lawson came. He puffed to the window at about eleven that morning. "Your name Morris?"

George nodded.

"I'm Lawson of Acme Studios. We have a test of your youngster over there and I don't mind saying—" He stopped, disturbed by that impassive glance. "Say, can't I come inside and talk to you?"

"I'm sorry. It's against the rules. Besides, I know what you have in mind and I'm not interested in the idea."

"Say, this is a great chance for that kid of yours. I know what you're thinking. You're thinking that he won't be educated. Now, there's a school right on the lot, and—"

"I wasn't thinking anything except that I'm not interested," George said. "Will you let me wait on this lady, please?"

The baffled studio executive stood aside, but the moment the customer had been served he was at the window again. "Look here. You're standing there selling three-cent stamps when you've got a kid that—" Mr. Lawson's voice trailed into crafty silence. "What would you say to a hundred a week, just for the pictures? You keep all the royalties on outside stuff. Then maybe in a year, when the fans—"

"No, Mr. Lawson."

"But look. The kid's only five. He's small for his age, too. He'll be good for six or seven years, maybe longer. I think that kid could be to the talking motion pictures what Peter Lawrence was to the silents."

Morris was nodding slowly. "Yes, they'd get a kick out of watching him grow up, wouldn't they? And he'd probably make a lot of money and miss a lot of things he ought to know, and learn a lot he shouldn't. He'd have all the fun of watching his parents fight about what he ought to earn and what they should do with what he does earn. When he got older he could join in the fight and help to spend the money himself. And he'd be the only kid in the whole world on a twenty-four-hour *schedule*. Do you think a five-year-old boy ought to be on a schedule?"

"Why, you don't know what you're talking about, Morris!"

"Oh, yes, I do. You see, I was Peter Lawrence."

THE END

WIFE TROUBLE

A Vital, Stirring Novel of Modern Love and Marriage Swings into Its Stride

by

WALLACE IRWIN

READING TIME
26 MINUTES
18 SECONDS

AT the fashionable wedding of Emmie Stockton and Rod Gill, held on the Stockton estate in Sycamore Valley, Sara Boyd, one of the bridesmaids, keeps wondering throughout the ceremony whether the rich and spoiled Emmie still cares for Stan Freeman, the brilliant but struggling practical engineer.

Sara is crazy about Stan, and he is in love with her. But she is jealous of any attention he pays Emmie. And just as Sara watches Stan, another follows her every movement. Fred Robley, the wealthiest and sportiest of the Stockton cousins, and in his bachelor forties, has fallen hard for the lovely Sara. To his influence she owes her present position of model in the swanky Jen Riley dress shop. Like the family of Stan Freeman, the Boyds have suffered severe financial reverses, and Sara has had to work the past year. Repeatedly she has rebuffed the advances of millionaire Fred.

In the midst of the wedding breakfast the bride, flushed with wine, invites Stan to kiss her—he had neglected to line up with the other men at the customary moment of such lively salutation. Awkwardly the young engineer complies with the request, and Sara suspects the fire in it on the part of Emmie.

After bride and groom have departed on their honeymoon, Stan leads Sara to a beautiful remote garden spot. There he declares his great love for her, but also emphasizes its hopelessness. What can they do on his paltry forty-dollars-a-week salary? Sara reminds him that the invention he is working on will be wonderful.

"It can't help being, with you, Sara," he says. "If only—"

Suddenly his arms are around her, his mouth over hers, and Sara feels herself swooning—as if she were dying.

PART TWO—AFTER THE HONEYMOON

HIS deep voice said in her ear, "We won't wait. Not a minute, my darling."

"No, dearest, no. Today. Tomorrow. When you say, dear. We won't wait. We can't. We can't."

They were married two weeks later.

Delaine's torpid summer was coloring richly into fall. The young Freemans hadn't found an apartment immediately after their return from the honeymoon; finally they had engaged one on Cherry Street, not far from mother's. Sara, busy now with real life, smiled happily, secretly, recalling their first night together: Atlantic City, a room in the Ritz, peach-colored paneling, ivory silk curtains. Next day, thinking of the expense, she had insisted on a cheaper hotel, far off the boardwalk. She couldn't remember much about that place, except that Stan was there to give it beauty.

The Cherry Street apartment was being redecorated; cracks in the walls, leaks in the plumbing were being plugged up. They had taken it for a year; after that Stan would be on the crest of that fine salary Mr. White had promised, and they could move. Bright things were

"You don't get me at all—" His hand went wild and hit a can of blue enamel. It guzzled out, straight at Sara, spattered her arms and neck.

ILLUSTRATION BY
CHARLES BRYSON

in the offing. Stan was working up his invention. It had made her laugh at first, the name was so funny—Magic Kitchen Garbage Destroyer. But it was serious as a telescope, the way Stan described it; a little gadget, full of hard electrical names. It ground garbage to a powder so fine it would run down the drainpipe. There were millions in it, maybe.

Millions? What did Sara care? She had her life and Stan's, and that was all her happiness.

They had been staying on at mother's, waiting for the flat to be finished. Mrs. Boyd gently disapproved of Stan and resented his habit of singing in the bathtub. The young couple, wholly and gorgeously in love, could laugh off trifles like these. And if their tempers sometimes flared up, they flared out as suddenly. Nothing could make them unhappy for long. Not even Stan's unreasonable jealousy of Fred Robley. She had Fred on her conscience, rather. He came to Jen Riley's shop too often, sometimes with ladies of fashion, sometimes just to buzz around with Jen. He never left without a word with Sara; she had an uneasy feeling that he was coming to see her. There were always his good-humored hints, tossed off.

"If you'd asked me to your wedding, Sara, I'd have had an excuse to send you a present."

"It wasn't that kind of wedding, Fred."

"The Stocktons sent you the solidest silver bathtub I ever saw. It was terrible in its beauty."

Sara tittered, remembering how she hated the thing, one of the discards of Emmie's wedding, no doubt.

"I'm glad you named it," she said. "I thought it was a punch bowl."

"I believe that was how it was labeled when it came to Em," reflected Fred. "When am I going to be asked to dine at your legalized love nest?"

"It's so torn up we can't move in for a week. We haven't picked out the furniture yet."

Next morning she went over to the apartment to prod the workmen into action. It was a sad brown Victorian building with a yard full of starved plants. Upstairs a door was open, hammers ringing. A fatherly foreman twinkled sapphire eyes. "When the paper's on, Mrs. Freeman, things'll look good."

"I'll be an old, old woman before that," said Sara. The foreman laughed, and so did a paper hanger, slapping a skimmed-milk design on the hall. Mrs. Freeman was sure a card.

The bedroom was down the hall, just beyond the paper hanger. Sara was approaching the door when she heard the foreman's pleasant bawl, "I asked 'em to pile that furniture in there."

Furniture? The smallish bedroom was full of it, piled to the ceiling, a glowing pyramid of old mahogany, gilded carving, needlepoint upholstery. The clutter of a royal museum. A gilded rococo mirror, bales of green-and-silver Polish rugs, long, faintly figured curtains of peacock velours. It was as though a prince, by mistake, had stumbled into a hut and lighted it with his jewels.

On the glossy top of a Chippendale table she saw the envelope with the business letterhead of Frederick K. Robley & Co. Trembling fingers dislodged the big distinguished card inscribed in Fred's big distinguished hand:

Sorry I'm so late with my wedding present. Please keep these things. No room for them in my house. But they're all good.

She sat on the edge of the table and bowed her head, thinking, thinking. Her nostrils were filled with the scent of rare old things, her fingers stroked fine velours, which seemed to return the caress. Was I born to love these things? she was asking. Is that why I work at Jen's, just to be touched by fine clothes? Could she keep the furniture, argue it out with Stan, make him see that there was nothing dishonest in accepting Fred's wedding present? It would be lovely, living with Stan on beautiful green carpets, eating with him at a king's table. It wouldn't make her love him any more. It couldn't. But it would be beautiful . . .

"Well, for the sake of Annie!" She jerked guiltily to her feet and saw Stan in the doorway. "Gosh, kid, you're

a hustler. Where in the world did you grab all this junk?"

"Furniture—" She swallowed hard.

"Sure. I know a chair when I see one. Who's got all the enterprise in this family?" His arm was around her. She could hardly feel it. "So you snuck away to the auctions, did you?"

Here's my chance to lie, a bad voice told her. He doesn't know furniture. He thinks it's auction stuff. I can go on letting him think—

Suddenly she shook away his arm and said, "Not auction stuff, Stan. It's a wedding present."

"Don't say so!" Fingering the texture of a rug. He did know more about fine things than she thought. "Who's the millionaire?"

"Fred Robley. He was awfully nice—he—"

All these months, watching and loving his every mood, she had grown to know his expressions, bright or soft or solemnly withdrawn into himself. Here was a new one. Blank and hard, smiling grimly. He had put his hands in his pockets and unfriendly eyes wandered over each piece of furniture, taking them in, as though they had been so much dynamite, primed to explode.

"When'd they come?"

"This morning. I—"

"Did you ask him for them?" Sharply.

Her temper flew up. "Stan, don't you talk to me that way!"

His voice was gentler. "Of course you're not going to keep them."

"They're wedding presents, Stan. Other people sent us wedding presents."

"Not Fred Robley."

"You're acting like a nut. You're perfectly ridiculous about Fred."

He turned away. His shoulders shifted down. When she looked in his face she saw bright tears behind his glasses. Impulsively she took him in her arms. "I'll not do anything to hurt you, Stan. They'd be lovely to keep. But I'll send them back."

"Sara." He held her by the shoulders. The grudging unfriendly look had come back. "Keep them if you want to," he said. "I won't deprive you of the things you want. Keep them."

He went shuffling down the hall, and left her dangling on her unsteady frayed emotions. Pity for him and his unreasonable jealousy; an instinctive desire for beautiful sensuous things; a love that was willing to endure hunger, any hardship for Stan. Yes, and there was rebellion behind her tearing thoughts. He won't trust me. He thinks I'm gold-digging. All right, if he insists on a houseful of woggly junk, I'll get it for him.

DEFIANTLY, perversely she went to a corner drugstore and telephoned Fred Robley's office. She had a nasty job to do. Because of Stan, she had been cruel to Fred before; now she must be ruthless. His pleasant slightly affected voice came smoothly over the wire: "Well, Sara, this is a joy."

"Fred, your furniture came. They're the loveliest things!"

"I'm mighty glad for you to have them, Sara. They're a lot of pieces I inherited. But they don't seem to fit in my new house. I'm delighted that you like them."

"Fred." Her words plunged desperately, like a knife. "I'm afraid I can't keep them."

"Really?" By his tone you could tell that he wasn't in the least offended. "Don't they fit your place either?"

Here was a lead. "Well, you see we have such a tiny apartment. The furniture's a thousand times too grand for us."

"And might make talk, too." Fred's short indulgent laugh.

"Secondhand stuff's about our ticket." There was a little spite in this. She wouldn't buy the installment Sheraton set from Hausemann's. She'd fill the flat with odd gollywogs, and make Stan paint them.

"I've a good idea, Sara," Fred was saying. "I know a funny auction room. They'll sell outright for about half price, if you let me go along. May I?"

"Thanks so much, Fred." Her formula.

"Drop in at the office at four thirty, can you?"

"I'll be there, Fred," she said. "And thanks so much."

The auctioneer, a beetle-browed Oriental, bowed down before Fred Robley's greatness. He pulled the rope of an open elevator and took them up to a vast loft piled with blond oak monstrosities. Fred led her around, lecturing and managing the show. "This table's a nightmare, if you look underneath. But you don't need to do that. And you can paint it. Mr. Kluck, fetch out those chairs. Not so bad, really. German attempt at Hepplewhite. Paint them to match. You can get quite an effect, I'll bet. That couch has rather nice curves—needs a hammer and saw, though—knock off the dingbats. This rug is inoffensive; you might put the grease spot under something. Quite a housekeeper, I. What? You can simplify that bed with a hammer, too, and plastic wood."

It was a comedy, Fred Robley striking a bargain with the auctioneer. Fred bought miles of real estate that way, probably. Slightly grandiose, gesturing prettily, never quite bullying.

"HONESTLY, Mr. Kluck, we know each other too well for that. Say fifty dollars for the lot. Come, come, my dear boy. I really wish you could make two-hundred-per-cent profit. But not this time, I'm afraid."

After a half-hour of debate, Mr. Kluck growing so passionate that his fierce eyebrows touched his forelock, Fred remaining calm, overpowering him with a near-Oxford accent, they reached a stalemate at ninety-eight dollars.

"I'll have them over tomorrow," said Mr. Kluck, relieved, beaming.

Fred took Sara in his car and dropped her at mother's door.

"I'd have paid a hundred and fifty for that truck if I'd been alone," she said thankfully.

"Probably. Sara, my dear, will you let me give you a very modest wedding present?"

"Not the furniture, Fred." That was unnecessary. She had paid Mr. Kluck by check.

"No. Just an idea. Paint your furniture the color I like: two parts Prussian blue, one part French gray, one part verdigris green." There was more in his look than that of an amateur decorator with a formula.

"I think it would be lovely, Fred."

"And when it's painted, will you let me come up and admire?"

"That's sweet of you, Fred. We ought to be settled in a couple of weeks. I'll give you a ring."

Next morning when she visited the apartment she found that Fred's furniture had been sucked away by his magic. Mr. Kluck's load of jabberwockies was coming up the stairs.

Painting time came. They had bought their supper at the delicatessen, and a pint of not-bad California claret. They lingered, glowing with wine, while Stan told another story about Mr. White—he called him the Milky Way. Sara laughed, but she scarcely heard him, she was so lost in his beautiful eyes. Stan was pleased with the secondhand furniture. He had grinned and called her Johnanna D. Rockefeller—spend the dimes and let the millions take care of themselves.

"Eddie Cantor's at the Strand tonight," said Stan, leaning on the frightful oak table.

"He'll be back. Stan, I've mixed the divinest blue."

"Ought to cut it with boiled linseed." He peered into the can.

"It must be fun to be color-blind," she said, putting on her cheapest house dress in preparation for the paint job. Stan shed his clothes down to his green shorts.

So they painted, Sara the legs of the table, Stan the top. Occasionally she peered up at his work. He certainly could paint! Sleek as oilcloth. "My, that's the flea's toenails!" she commented. "When I paint it runs around like a bucket of worms."

"You paint like a girl," he said. "You sozzle."

"Didn't the bed look slick? And it's the kind that dries in half an hour. I don't know what you mean"—pausing—"about a girl sozzling." Her brush slipped and spluttered blue over her chin. Rubbing it with her fingers made it much worse.

"Well," Stan's voice from up top, "we're neither of

us Mike Angelos. You can tell the difference."

"Oh, keep your mind on your work." This was harsh, but a mean spurt of paint had just gone up her arm. Resentfully she thought of Fred Robley's gift, discarded.

"Probably we'll have to call in a real painter to straighten this up," Stan persisted pleasantly. "You can always tell an amateur job far as you can see it." Silently she sozzled and dripped. "Now, a real painter would use paint remover first, then sandpaper—"

She sprang up, spotted chin above the table. She knew, all of a sudden, that she was tired, her nerves like cactus. It didn't help when Stan whooped, "Wow! Tattooed gal at the circus—"

"You hate to paint," she stormed. "You hate to see me painting. If you'd had any sense you wouldn't have to paint. You'd have taken Fred's—"

"Oh, I see. That's what's on your mind." It was a fierce contest, the blue brush he held like a club, the hot red on his cheeks. "It's all right. Let Fred Robley buy us an apartment in the Montclair, furnish it, pay for our meals—"

HIS face had gone white, except for the red spots. The blue brush like a weapon. Red, white, and blue—sarcastic, terrible thought.

"You deliberately misconstrue everything I do," she said, wanting to be still, unable to control her raging voice.

"If you want more money," he said, "I can get a job with the Stockton Ale people tomorrow. Double my salary—"

"Oh, so Emmie's fixed that for you—"

"Don't go staring crazy. Emmie's been in Europe for three months—"

"And she's home now."

"You don't get me at all—" His hand went wild and hit a can of blue enamel. It guzzled out, straight at Sara, spattered her arms and neck, and ran down her back finally. "There! I hope you've had paint enough—" Then he spanked down his brush and said with forced mildness, "Really, I'm awfully sorry, Sara. God, it's all over the room!"

"You *ought* to be sorry." Rising, dignified and streaky. "If you'd ever think about anything but yourself—"

"Sara!" His voice leveled her; they stood glaring; then burst into peals of laughter. "Say, I bet I look twice as funny as you," he gurgled, and led her over to the mirror. With a blue finger he gave himself a blue mustache, admired it, then let her rub it off with a turpentined rag. "And now," he said, "you scram to the bathroom, be a nudist, and stand on a newspaper. I'll have to scrape you down."

In the bathroom he plied the tail of an old shirt carefully, methodically over her tender body, and sang in his tuneless bass, "'*And* all around 'er 'ips was a fleet of fighting ships, *and* right above 'er kidney was a bird's-

Mr. Grouch
—Waked up feeling so logy and headachy, he's ready to give up their afternoon outing... But two teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water will soon make a difference. Soon he'll be . . .
Mr. Smiles
—Head clear—energy returned—it's wonderful to see what a difference Sal Hepatica makes. For this mineral salt laxative both cleanses the system and combats acidity. That half-sick feeling doesn't linger, as it is apt to with ordinary laxatives.

Why you must use a laxative that COMBATS ACIDITY, too

Ordinary laxatives are laxatives only . . . not designed to combat the acidity that usually accompanies constipation.

That's why a headachy, dull feeling may linger on . . .

But try Sal Hepatica!

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TUNE IN: "Town Hall Tonight" featuring Stoopnagle and Budd, and hopeful amateurs. Every Wednesday night—N. B. C.—coast to coast.

Sal Hepatica does BOTH!

eye view of Sydney.'" His hands, going over her from heel to shoulder, brought an odd delight. "Aren't I dry-cleaned yet?" she asked at last, turning her head to watch him working along her spine.

But there was a silence that grew, heavily, dreamily. Half nude himself, he stood back, a woods god, big and brown. The air was suddenly full of him. She stood trembling, naked under his spell. Then his heavy whisper, "You're so damned perfect. There isn't a flaw on you, dear. So wonderful, Sara, so—"

With a great sweep he had picked her up and was carrying her toward their room. She heard the fine breath in his lungs, and let her body sink into his. "Stan," she was calling, "Stan, why do we say those things?"

"Honey, I don't know." His splendid voice in her ear.

"We mustn't, dear—we mustn't—"

Then she was drowned in the joy of him. The words of two ill-governed children, quarreling over a painty table, were less than echoes now. The two of them so close. Stan a part of her. That was the answer. No questions. Nothing in the world but Stan. Stan, who could make everything right this way. Stan . . .

The telephone, just installed, rang twice. Turning in bed, Sara answered it. Fred Robley's pleasant voice:

"Hello, Sara. Jen tells me you've moved in."

"Yes, we have—" It was an echoing phone, shouting all over the room. Sara was conscious of Stan beside her, silent, listening. "We've moved in, but we're still in a filthy mess."

"Sorry. I thought I might drop in and see how you were getting along with my favorite blue."

"It isn't dry yet, Fred. Pretty soon we'd love to have you come over for dinner. If you'd be amused."

"Thanks awfully. Just let me know."

"Certainly shall. Good night, Fred."

She hung up. In the darkness she groped for Stan. His body lay there, a warm round log. Then, after a long silence, he drew her to him.

"What's that stuff about blue paint, Sara?"

She wanted to tell him, but it was such a tiny thing to quarrel over, now that they were so happy again.

"He paws over Jen Riley's samples," she said. "He found some blue and said it would look nice on furniture. I thought it would be nice."

"I wouldn't take any ideas off that old pansy," said Stan, "and if he comes here to dinner, I'll poison his soup." . . .

And here was Stan's reprisal. On Saturday afternoon, when the paint had dried—and Stan had finished the table merrily, commandingly—he came home with a long, heavy roll under one arm and a square box under the other. He opened the long roll, grinning, and unrolled leaf-green wallpaper—not bad, as Fred would have said it.

"Oh, it's beautiful!" caroled Sara.

Long before suppertime they were in painting duds again, and few of them, singing, sloshing, papering, having the time of their young lives.

The air was fragrant with an Irish stew; vulgar onion odors filled the place, mingled with the smell of paste on paper. Barewaisted Stan, up the ladder, rubbed a strip with an old shirt tail.

"Stan, you do it wonderfully!" she admired.

"You'd say that if I killed a cop."

"But you'd do that wonderfully too."

He leaned down to kiss her, something a professional paper hanger would never do. Slyly the strip began rolling loose from the top; softly, mushily it flopped and mingled with his hair.

"Helen Blazes!" He went to the floor, fighting, tearing the paper in shreds, mixing it, throwing it away. But he came up smiling. "Am I downhearted?" Busily he went at another strip, then up the ladder again. A bell trilled annoyingly. Sara guessed it was the plumber, about that drip in the sink. She pushed a button which, with a busy click-click, released the catch downstairs.

"If there ever was a time for a man to be alone—" Footsteps sounded outside on the landing. Voices, male and female, then a small polite knock above Stan's "For gawsake, don't—"

It was too late to do anything about it; they were there, whoever they were. Sara swung open the door. Even in that puzzled second she saw the suave pistache lines of Emmie's dress and her nervous set smile. Rod, leaning on empty air, smiled too, emptily. His linen suit hung on him like a dishcloth.

"Sara *darling!*" Emmie flew in and kissed her. "We were just going by, and we hoped you'd be in."

"It's lovely to see you. Do come in—we're sort of torn up." And what was the matter with them? Rod was clinging to the doorpost, smiling amiably, his hand held out.

"Wel-cum, strangers," he said: "Wel-cum. Where you hid yourselves?" Yes, that was it. Tight. Emmie might have been drinking too, her cheeks were so bright; but she kept her cool poise as Rod followed her stiffly into the room.

He found a corner of a sofa, sat very properly, still holding his fixed smile. "Lots and lots of wallpaper,"

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THIS IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT AND GRATITUDE TO THE AUTHORS WHO, OVER A PERIOD OF YEARS, HAVE CONTRIBUTED TO LIBERTY THE BEST SHORT SHORT STORIES PUBLISHED IN ANY LANGUAGE.

he giggled, glaring at the table.

"What a ducky place!" Emmie was trying to be pleasant, but Sara could have killed her. "What a charming way to live! Just yourselves—"

Sara was aware of Stan's back as he stood on a chair, doggedly slapping away at the new strip. A scrap of the piece he had thrown away still clung to his shoulder. Then Rod, suddenly conscious, his wild look pointing toward the hall.

"Well, if that ain't my ol' Stan! Stan, you ol' son of a—"

"Hel-*lo*, everybody!" Stan turned on his pedestal, and, to Sara's great relief, was grinning broadly. "I had to make this damn thing stick before I could do anything."

"You do it beautifully," chimed Emmie, her wine-colored eyes admiring him. Stan got down, shook hands cordially, unaware, apparently, of his undress. The short look he gave Rod said, Plastered to the edge. "Long time no see," he said to Emmie.

"Stan, where d'you keep your liquor?" begged Rod from the sofa.

Stan had opened his mouth to reply, when Emmie's eyes caught his. The conscious look between them! You're so strong; you're a man; you'll help me, her eyes said. Her head was gently shaking.

"Tell you the truth, Rod," said Stan heartily, "we never keep it in the house. It's bad for the janitor."

"I know place around the corner. Name of Snell. Snell got everything—" Stan pushed him gently back.

"Snell's got everything but coffee. Coffee's what the dentist gives you—" Stan sat merrily beside Rod, an arm around him, and was arguing that he wasn't any Y. M. C. A. when Emmie sauntered away.

"LET me see the rest of your pretty place," she said to Sara, who was following. In the red-and-white bedroom, when Sara turned on the lights, Emmie didn't seem interested. "Rod doesn't get like this very often," she whispered anxiously. "That Ferguson ought to be shot, giving him so much. That's why I brought him here. I thought you wouldn't have any liquor. And I don't want him to go home like this. He'll drink more—"

"Oh." Thoughtfully. Emmie, the world's patroness, was asking a favor, humbly. Just then Stan appeared at the door, an unusually obliging grin on his face.

"He's sort of passed out," he said, deferring to Emmie. "We all do sometimes. Bad liquor, I guess."

"Fergie serves awful stuff." Emmie's eyes were all for Stan. "I knew you'd help us. Mrs. Gill's in the hospital, and Daddy Gill's staying with us. He's simply awful with Rod when he's this way."

"Coffee," said Stan sagely, taking her under his wing. "That'll bring him round all right." Then, with a half glance at Sara, "Why don't you have a bite of supper with us?"

"Oh, but it's imposing so on Sara."

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HALF AND HALF

The Safe Pipe-Tobacco

FOR PIPE OR CIGARETTE

"Why don't you?" asked Sara chokingly. Had Stan gone crazy?

"It's perfectly dear of you both." Emmie gave Stan an appealing look. "I know we're dreadful. But if Rod can have an hour or two—"

"Sara makes an Irish stew that'll stick to your ribs." Stan was being the hearty host. "And do I understand drip coffee?"

"You're such dears."

So that was settled—Emmie's way and with Stan's generous co-operation.

"I won't be nasty about this," Sara kept telling herself. "Maybe it's just what Emmie says it is. Or is it just another excuse to see Stan? I won't be nasty. I'll pretend to like her."

They offered coffee to Rod; he pushed it over, murmuring, "Cum-f'ble." He slept all through dinner; Emmie had dropped him as a responsibility. She was vivacious as she regaled them—Stan mostly—with her adventures abroad. The Prince of Wales wasn't swanky at all, the Jubilee was perfect, the Davis Cup winner was so modest when she met him. Nibbling cream puffs, she asked, "When *are* we going to see you two angels?" Looking at Stan.

Her worry came back, honest and unveiled, when she went over to Rod. "I never saw him quite like this. Stan, can't you do something?"

Sara hated her husband's too masculine gesture, responding to Emmie. Heavy brows came down, considering Rod. Forcefully he stooped beside the couch, vigorously he took Rod by the ears and pumped his head up and down. "Hey, fella!" Like one calling from a distance.

"Huh—what?" Groggy eyes opened.

"Going to take you over to Mike's—Mike Sperlo's—for a little rubdown." Mike's was well known in Delaine, the place where they sobered drunks in three hours. But Rod had settled back.

Turning to Emmie, Stan said, "We'll take him there, then you'd better go home and tell his daddy he's playing poker at Jerry Grant's, or somewhere. I'll look out for Rod."

"Oh, Stan, you dear! You'll do that?" Emmie's hands came together, pleading, adoring his strength.

"Don't you worry. I'll stick around till he's O. K."

More forcefully he pumped Rod's head. Suddenly Rod raised himself, glared with sightless indignation. "What—what?"

"Come on, Rod. We're going to have a bath."

"Have a drink. That's what."

Stan looked strong as a Titan, lifting his friend to his feet. "Oh, you're mar-velous!" Emmie's look was saying. Sara was thinking, Why is she mixing him up in this mess? Why does he do it, just because she asks him to?

"I think he ought to have a doctor," Sara suggested coolly.

"Oh, no. Mike Sperlo's is the place," said Emmie, her appealing eyes still on Stan.

Rod was walking rather well now, an arm across Stan's shoulder. Emmie helped support him from the other side. "Good night, Sara. You've been a dear," she flung caressingly over her shoulder. Then, as the slow march went downstairs, "Stan, I don't know how I can ever, ever thank you. You've helped me so. I couldn't have done a thing with him if you—"

They had reached the lower landing when Sara closed the door, trying not to bang it. The room which she and Stan had slaved to make pretty looked dull and cheap. How glad he had been to see Emmie again! How he had jumped through her hoop! Then a dingy thought seeped in, like smoke: He thinks I've been too good to Fred Robley. He hasn't said much, but he's been thinking. Now he's palavering over Emmie, just to show me. Maybe I deserve it—but it's mean of him. Horribly mean. I won't let him take that kind of revenge on me. For nothing, practically.

Wouldn't it have been better for him if he'd married Emmie, the time she wanted him to? They got along so well.

She left the dishes unwashed and went to bed, black thoughts following her. She tried to be kind. Maybe he was just helping somebody out of a fix, being human. Naturally Emmie was grateful. But the way she looked at him, the way her voice sounded, thanking him. . . .

It was after one when the door slammed and Stan clumped into the bedroom. Sara was reading a movie magazine, very much concerned with the pictures. "Well, I got him home in pretty good shape," Stan chuckled.

"That's good," said Sara. "Weren't they tiresome!"

She threw away the magazine and turned her face to the wall. . . .

She blinked the morning light out of her eyes, then, by love's blind habit, reached over for Stan. She touched empty bedclothes and stared inanely at the rolled-back sheet where he had been. He was gone. She felt a sickening fear, and was afraid to call out or do anything.

He was gone!

Gone where? For what reason had Stan deserted his bed in the middle of the night? Perhaps Sara's darkest suspicions are justified. Are they? There is only one way to find out—get the next issue of Liberty to discover more surprising disclosures in the situation.

GOOD BOOKS by OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ ½ **ORIENTAL PHILOSOPHY** by Frances Grant. The Dial Press.

A fascinating discussion of Asia, cradle of mankind, and its philosophies. Charmingly and lightly written, the book makes available to the layman the deeper meaning of the great Vedic formula, "Truth is one—men call it by different names."

★ ★ ★ **TWO WORLDS** by Lester Cohen. Covici, Friede.

A travel book that deals with people and how they live and what they live by, rather than with strange and wondrous sights.

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Odd and interesting tales of upper New York State, by the author of Stars Fell on Alabama.

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Edna Jaques is not a modern poet; her verse actually rhymes and her lines scan. She possesses charm, poetic feeling, and music.

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Virtue triumphs in this mildly entertaining story of politics, love, and adventure.

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Professor Shotwell, an inveterate exponent of the League of Nations, urges the United States to join as an associate member the Geneva body created by the idealism of Woodrow Wilson and the desire of the Allies to perpetuate their loot.

★ ★ **WHAT'LL YOU HAVE, BOYS?** by Joe (Markee) Madden. Farrar & Rinehart.

Amusing autobiographical sketch of a speakeasy proprietor repealed into a modern West Side tavernkeeper. His language is educational in being up-to-the-minute New Yorkese. Good for several laughs.

★ ★ **CARRY-OVER** by Ruth Suckow. Farrar & Rinehart.

An omnibus of the early work of a writer distinguished by her honest human pictures of small-town American life.

JAPAN IS AT WAR WITH US NOW!

by
DONALD COMER

PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN COTTON MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION

The author. He is also president of Avondale Mills, Birmingham, Alabama.

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

Little silk Stars and Stripes, four for a nickel! How so? They're made in Japan by girls paid less than 17 cents a day. Above: Girl workers in a muslin mill at Kameido, paid less than 25 cents a day.

Something for You to Think About—The Dismaying Story of How the Work of Girl Slaves in the Orient Is Closing American Factories and Undermining the Nation's Slow Return to Prosperity

ORDINARILY commerce follows the flag. But unless growing irritations of trade are ended, Japan's flag may follow her goods. For Japan is already at war with the United States—commercially.

Japan, it is true, buys millions of dollars' worth of our cotton; but whether she converts the cotton into high explosive and shoots a shell at us, or shoots the cotton back at us as manufactured goods, casualties ensue. It is possible even to compile a formidable list of American commercial casualties as a consequence of the Mikado's first raids. War may be a strong word to use, but the Japanese themselves make no bones about it. Consider the unvarnished statement by R. Ishida, of Mitsui & Company, before the Federal Tariff Commission on May 14, 1935, in defense of Japan's tremendously increasing exportation of cotton goods to the United States:

". . . The success or failure of her industrial activities charts the parting of the ways for Japan—either to life or to death. Naturally *she will plan and fight to the utmost of her power and ability on this point: there is no other path to life for her. . . .*"

Japan, as Eliot Wadsworth points out after a long survey of the Far East, is governed by an intense nationalism and unity of purpose. Both are directed by a strong central government. There is no distinction in the Japanese mind between a hostile military and a hostile commercial invasion. "Ours," says General Araki, former Minister of War, "is the unity of ruler and ruled. We look upon the nation as a family. We consider the art of government to be co-operation of the people and the Emperor for the common welfare." Ishida also, in

his aforementioned testimony, emphasized: "The real Japanese worker has before him this thought: 'How can I be useful to my country through my work?' Whether the employer be right or wrong, the majority of workers support him blindly. The whole land functions like a large trust." Every one's energies are devoted increasingly to the promotion of Japanese commercial supremacy.

Japan must maintain her abnormal and feverish commercial activities in the United States and elsewhere to pay for her enormous military establishment.

You, fair lady, may pick up a cheap handkerchief or a table cover made in Japan, resembling in appearance (if not, perhaps, in quality) the American article. You may congratulate yourself on your astuteness in buying so well. But you are trading with the enemy. Unwittingly you are aiding Asia to destroy the standard of living which makes American civilization the envy of the world.

We could not compete with the Japanese peasant, living on a handful of rice, even if we were willing to forgo automobiles and refrigerators. Japan pays her workers in the cotton mills less than thirty-five cents *a day*. We pay an average of thirty-eight cents *an hour*. Their mills run on two ten-hour shifts for seven days a week, with two or four holidays a month. It is not only the labor going into their fabrics that gives them an enormous advantage; every expense incidental to business is on the same low level. We could not compete with Asia even if our workers were willing to work for nothing.

We exclude the Asiatic but we freely admit his labor. It would be safer to admit *him*. He would at least be a consumer. We could, to a certain extent, supervise his living conditions. Brought face to face with a million such peasant workers, we could readily visualize the menace of Asia's commercial invasion.

We have, of course, tariffs. But the tariff is no effective weapon against Asiatic labor. Japan laughs at our tariffs. Even the most ardent free trader must see this.

Shingo Tsuda, president of the Kanegafuchi Spinning Company, reassures his countrymen on that score:

"Considerable amount of uneasiness," he says (to quote from the Boston Evening Transcript), "has been felt in this country with respect to the trade restrictions set up in various countries against Japanese goods. Obviously, they present a question. *But it is needless to fear them. All those restrictive measures are ineffective.*

"Even if nations raise their import duties to such high levels as 70 to 80 per cent *ad valorem* against Japanese goods, fear is unnecessary. The facts show us that the foreign demand for Japanese cotton goods will increase in proportion to increases in tariff rates against them, and *even limitless increases will be utterly ineffective to prevent the movement of our goods.*"

And well may Mr. Shingo Tsuda laugh. He knows that there is an inexhaustible supply of girls and women to work in virtual slavery, indentured to the mills. Itinerant brokers (according to a November 14, 1934, wireless dispatch from Tokyo to the New York Sun) are doing a rushing business in Japan, taking 30 per cent commission on the procurement of girls to factories. The indenture age ranges from sixteen to twenty-three years. Prices vary from three to three hundred dollars.

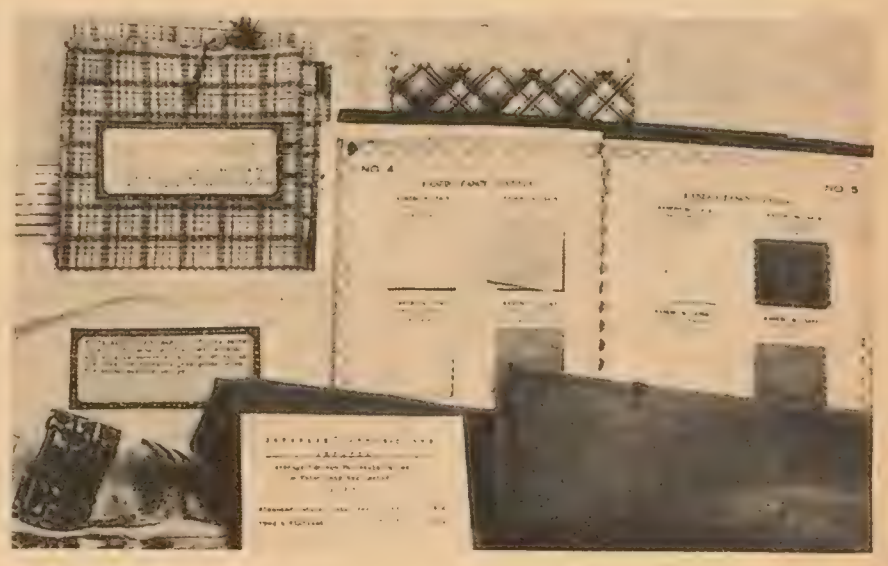
In China, we are told, girl babies are frequently drowned because they are considered commercially useless. Under the domination and direction of Japan, Chinese girls may some day become one of China's best assets. Quoting Mr. Ishida again, "The great majority of the workers in the textile mills are young women from the agricultural classes. Man power in Japanese industry may be said to be woman power." In Japan, according to the Sun report, the father celebrates the birth of a girl baby with a bottle of sake because she has a future economic value. Both attitudes reveal the unbridgeable chasm between Asia and America.

One farmer, the Sun dispatch tells us, rejoiced when he sold his twenty-year-old girl for one thousand yen, or about two hundred and ninety dollars at the present rate of exchange. The same farmer, aged and bent with toil, shriveled with starvation, now bargaining for the sale of his sixteen-year-old daughter—his youngest and last child—will be lucky if he gets even three hundred yen.

From one district alone 17,000 girls went into the factories. Some of these girls are weaving the very handkerchiefs, the very table covers, which you buy so cheaply. Usually girls so sold into peonage remain in the hands of their masters for from three to six years.

Today the competition of Japanese peasant labor and girl peons threatens important branches of the cotton textile industry of the United States with extinction. The cotton industry is the largest employer of manufacturing labor in the United States, normally giving jobs to 450,000 workers in the world's highest wage-paying textile industry. More than 12,000,000 people make a living on the growing and distribution and the manufacture of cotton. If any substantial group among these millions is impoverished, it will affect every citizen of the United States, and will increase beyond the breaking point the burden of relief.

In American markets, Japanese fancy textiles like these samples undersell American products which they imitate.



In 1925 our import of Japanese bleached cotton cloth was negligible—only 266,789 square yards. In January, February, and March of 1936 it amounted to more than 18,000,000 square yards—and in the five-month period through May, to 28,000,000 square yards. Maintained at this rate, the total importation for the year would *equal 48 per cent of the domestic production of comparable fabrics.* The importation of cotton handkerchiefs from Japan in 1935 recorded an increase of nearly 4,500 per cent over 1933. At the rate established during the first quarter of this year, the increase for 1936 will be nearly 8,000 per cent.

We can meet the competition of Europe and protect ourselves against it by a reasonable tariff. Moreover, the Europeans sell us not only fabrics but ideas. Japan has nothing to offer us but imitations of our own goods—the

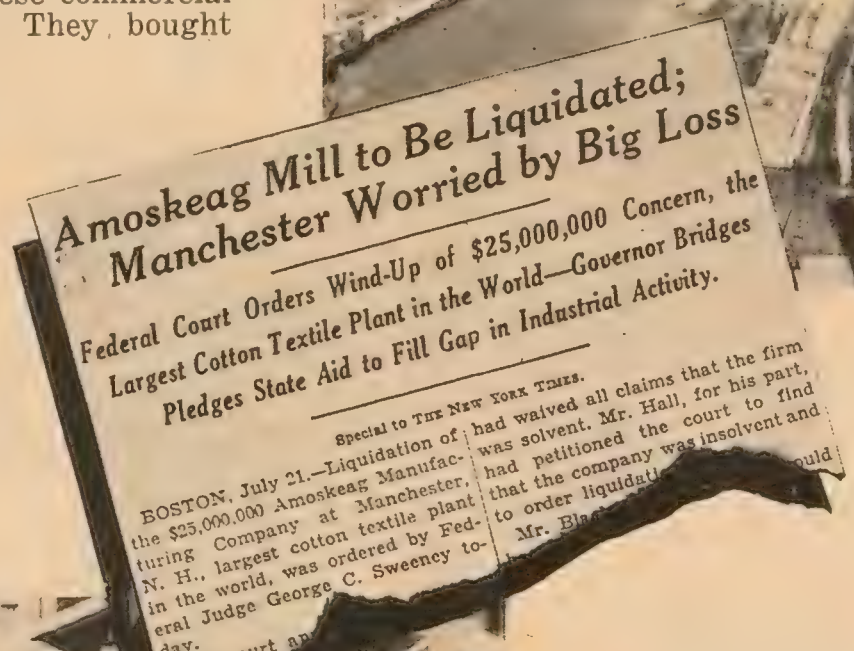
Governor H. Styles Bridges of New Hampshire, addressing the Veterans of Foreign Wars at Berlin, New Hampshire, July 11, said:

"Japanese competition in textiles is largely responsible for the present plight of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company and its 12,000 employees with their 50,000 dependents. Without help and protection, the textile industry of New England is unable to cope with the competition of Japan and other low-cost labor countries. A commission appointed by me, and headed by Bishop John B. Peterson of the Catholic Diocese of New Hampshire, has studied world-wide conditions in the textile industry, and has found that a Japanese woman worker received a top wage of $1.38 a week for work which brought a wage of $14.50 a week to a woman worker in a Manchester mill. In other countries the pay was equivalent to $1.45 a week."

product of her long hours, low overheads, and cheap Asiatic labor, which, coupled with modern automatic machinery, will capture every textile market in the world that exposes itself to her attack.

There was a factory in the little village of Turner, Maine, making hooked rugs, employing at one time as many as 150 people, with a pay roll of $2,000 a week—the living for the entire community. Today that village is practically bankrupt.

A group of shrewd Japanese commercial scouts came to America. They bought samples of the finest Turner rugs they could find. A few months later cunning Japanese imitations appeared in our department stores. It was then brought out by United States officials, in a resultant investigation, that



Amoskeag Mill to Be Liquidated; Manchester Worried by Big Loss

Federal Court Orders Wind-Up of $25,000,000 Concern, the Largest Cotton Textile Plant in the World—Governor Bridges Pledges State Aid to Fill Gap in Industrial Activity.

Special to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

BOSTON, July 21.—Liquidation of the $25,000,000 Amoskeag Manufacturing Company at Manchester, N. H., largest cotton textile plant in the world, was ordered by Federal Judge George C. Sweeney today.

The court ap... had waived all claims that the firm was solvent. Mr. Hall, for his part, had petitioned the court to find that the company was insolvent and to order liquidati... ould Mr. Bla...

Dumaine, ... pany ... ag...

The great Amoskeag plant at Manchester, N. H., as it looks today, lifeless, a victim of Japan's trade invasion. Left: The final tragic news, from the New York Times's front page.

Below: The whistle blows, and the Amoskeag workers trudge forth, unemployed.

wages paid in Japan to women and children in the hooked-rug industry were as low as two to seven cents a day.

Turner, Maine, could not compete with Japan. So Turner, Maine, quit!

In a New Hampshire village one hundred persons in the handkerchief-cloth business lost their jobs because of Japanese competition. They represented the local difference between prosperity and poverty. The Butler Mill in New Bedford, Massachusetts, was compelled to throw 850 operatives out of work. It was with a heavy heart that the management posted this notice:

> When present orders are executed this mill will close, due to overproduction and Japanese competition in the general market. Prices have fallen off almost 20 per cent in sixty days, which makes it impossible to manufacture without losses.

The Butler Mill, which made fine cotton goods, was the third mill to shut down in New Bedford in three months!

The fish-net branch of the American cotton industry, important in peace and more important in war, is being destroyed by Japanese competition.

These are but a few of the minor casualties, the victims of the first few skirmishes in the great war begun by Japan in an attempt to conquer just one market. Chemicals, rubber goods, cameras, kitchen articles, mechanical pencils, penknives, electric bulbs, and innumerable other articles represent other points of attack. As the onslaughts succeed, plant after plant will fold up and the army of unemployed will grow.

It is true that in the meantime Japan buys from us millions of dollars' worth of cotton. But as (in response to various artificial measures) the price of cotton rises she reduces her purchases. Japan mixes American cotton with the cheaper product of India and other countries. Defying the spirit of the Monroe Doctrine, Japanese are colonizing long stretches of land in Brazil to plant cotton fields of their own. Mr. Ishida himself testified: "Brazil, due to the effect of AAA in the United States, is showing remarkable progress in increasing her crop of cotton"; adding, "Japanese spinners developed the art of mixing one growth of cotton with another—and the substitution of one for another—when relative prices make such substitutions profitable."

Fortunately there are several ways of fighting the invader. One is to enforce the spirit as well as the letter of the Japanese exclusion act—to interpret that act as barring the product of cheap Japanese labor as well as the Japanese himself. Japan can take no umbrage at that, from the point of view of prestige. We could thus raise a complete embargo against Japanese peasant-labor competition, but preferably could establish quotas rigidly limiting the influx of Japanese products. A mere tariff wall affords no protection.

BUT our farmers may say: "Japan will stop buying our cotton if we limit her exports to us." Fortunately we have a powerful weapon of retaliation. We buy nearly 85 per cent of her raw silk. To stop the purchase of that silk would be a deathblow to Japan. Our cotton for her silk is a fair swap; our needs for her needs. Beyond this there is yet another way.

Let Japan sell her cheap textiles to nontextile manufacturing countries and pay us in the produce of those countries. We can accept coffee from Java and from Brazil, rubber from Malay, tung oil from China, fruit from Central America, etc. These are products we need and which do not compete with ours. Nor would their importation increase our unemployment, threaten American wage standards, or adversely affect our people's economic welfare.

If Japan wants commercial peace—the best insurance against war—with the United States, she will take this way out.

THE END

MASTER VILLON

Meets a Woman

The Story of a Lodging for the Night—A Spirited Tale of a Roving Rogue's Reward

by JOHN ERSKINE

READING TIME
21 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

MASTER FRANCOIS VILLON, poet in flight, turned on his side, woke in a state of panic and tried to recall where he was.

The light was gray; an hour before dawn.

The stamp of a horse! Had they found him? He sat up on the haymow.

No, it was the farmer below, working at the cow. He could hear the swish of milk in the pail. Master Villon collapsed upon his stolen bed.

God, but he was hungry! Just listen to that milk!

If ever he got his hands on Catherine again, he'd cut her throat. Or break her neck. Or strangle her slowly, till her beautiful eyes popped out. There's womankind for you—take your love while the pocket is full; sell you to the law in your bad hour.

And Noah Joli, who laughed at him, who blabbed to Margot, his slut of a sister; and Robin Turgis, who had Margot for wife and deserved no better—urging Master Villon, since he must be hanged, to settle his score at the Pine Cone and go to heaven with a clean slate!

These outrages pained him most when the stomach was empty, hunger and indignation being twins.

There was of course that affair at the College of Navarre, the particular excuse he had given the sheriff to stretch his neck—when caught. With the sheriff's point of view Master Villon had no quarrel, yet justice is a slippery thing, hard to define and rarely enforced. To rob a church is sin. And unprofitable. From the college chapel his share had been one false piece of silver and four genuine sous. The sheriff would do his duty as to the four sous, but the worshiper who had offered the bad piece would be free to go to church again.

Because he loved Catherine, he had told her the truth. You can't cheat a girl you really love, and she had been the first to make him wish he were a decent man. But when she learned his danger she drove him into the night; and when he came back, desperate, she had those ruffians at the door to beat him up. And Noah Joli, standing by, laughed. Noah might be sleeping with her now.

They both turned and saw her at the door, candle in hand, clad hastily in a trailing nightrobe. "You mustn't kill him, father!"

ILLUSTRATION BY GERALD LEAKE

The farmer below, having exhausted the cow, was climbing the ladder for hay. The pitchfork touched Master Villon's left leg and drew an involuntary grunt. His hand went to his knife by instinct, but the peasant didn't wait. Master Villon heard a thump as the fellow slid down the ladder and hit the ground.

Master Villon, having finished his sleep for the day, got over the farm wall and plied his legs, the scratched one and the sound, along the river road toward the southeast.

His head was dizzy by the time he came to the chateau, two hours before noon. The chateau seemed austere, not the sort of place the sheriff's men would stop at. Master Villon found the gate and pulled the bell chain.

He could hear the tinkle inside, but no one answered. He pulled once more. The house was, as you might say, dead.

It wouldn't do to climb the front wall, not in the broad sun; but around at the back, where you might expect a garden, an old apple tree furnished a screen for his gymnastics, and once down among the rosebushes he aimed straight for the kitchen door.

Locked tight. All the doors. To his regret, Master Villon was forced to enter by an unshuttered window.

At the foot of the stairs, in the main hall, he halloed, to establish an honorable relation with the inmates, but only the echo was roused. Having eased his conscience, he sought the kitchen from the inside; that door also was bolted.

He mounted the stairs.

And in one room he paused—a woman's boudoir, laced and silken. A wardrobe for her gowns; a massive dresser full, no doubt, of whatever went next to her delicate skin; a canopied bed with a blue pillow. He could see the white thing resting there, head cushioned, eyelids closed. Catherine! Damn her!

From the window he learned why the house was silent. In yonder field the servants, male and female, gathered grain. Among them must be the cook.

So the woman who used this room was on a journey with her husband, and the servants expected no early return. A handsome creature with a selfish heart, like Catherine's, and an itch to see the world, and her husband would rather be home but she needed watching. The devil help the man! Master Villon would walk on.

Before he walked, however, he pulled out the trays of the dresser, he being thorough in all his visits, and the contents were what he had supposed—dainty, intimate, and troubling; fresh-laundered, scented, neatly folded.

On a pair of black stockings in the middle of the top drawer lay a shining gold piece.

What heaven sends, heaven sends! Master Villon dusted down the road in search of meat and drink.

Midway through the afternoon he found what belonged to him where the Seine forks with another river. The inn was called La Belle Image. There was a woman's face on the sign.

When he opened the door the innkeeper, missing baggage and means of transportation, remained at ease.

"Food!" said Master Villon. "Beef, red wine, bread!" With that he stepped over the bench by the inn table and thrust his tired legs underneath.

"Money?" said the man in the chair.

Master Villon rang his gold piece on the board, at which music the host rose as to Gabriel's horn.

"Put your bonnet on the nail yonder," said he, "while I fry an egg. There's a roast on the spit, but it won't be cooked through till sundown."

"An egg," said Master Villon, ringing the nail with his hat, "will render appetite endurable without killing it. Let cheese and ale be included in this temporary sustenance."

In a moment his cheeks were full of bread and cheese, but before the egg was fried a coach thundered up to the inn door, and Master Villon had been too close to his plate to note the direction it came from. Moreover, there was a convoy of three horsemen, well armed.

While the innkeeper was out in front, bowing to this unusual company, Master Villon got his hat from the peg, found a window in the taproom, and sought the picturesque bushes along the river bank.

Once there, he repented of his haste. His shelter had no lookout. Why hadn't he examined the coach load first? There, some one was hunting him now!

It was a girl of nineteen or twenty, swinging her sun hat by the ribbon, a reasonably tall young woman with engaging endowments of person and, it seemed, qualities of mind. To Master Villon, who had expected the sheriff, she was beauty itself. His own quick black eyes observed that hers were brown, wide set, with long lashes. When she saw him she betrayed neither astonishment nor fear nor boldness. She accepted him with the rest of the sunset-colored landscape. Her linen gown, plain but well fitted, hid little of a bosom which Catherine would have envied; a gray dress, a broad white collar, a blue ribbon at her throat.

Of what such a body might say to a man, her sincere eyes were not aware. By her hands, had he seen nothing else, he would have known a lady.

"I couldn't wait," she said.

Master Villon bowed cautiously.

"Father says the river is loveliest at this bend. After dinner it would be too dark."

Master Villon, who had given the river no study, turned to look at it.

"The dark green of the farther trees, the purple shadows, the dreamy slide of the water—it *is* the best hour, wouldn't you say?"

Master Villon returned her smile. "I have enjoyed none better."

"Do you come often?"

He shook his head. "Seldom."

"Then you don't live in Corbeil?"

Attending to the name of the town, he let slip the truth: "My home is in Paris."

"From choice?" she asked sympathetically, then corrected herself. "Of course I don't really know Paris."

"I can see that," said he.

She laughed. "Father will have a fit. You stay at the inn?"

They walked back side by side.

"How," she asked, "do you pass the time when you are in Paris?"

He couldn't tell her he was a thief. "I have no reputable profession," said he. "I am a bad poet."

HER father at the inn door was displeased. "You detain us all from dinner, Louise!"

A tall gentleman with white beard trimmed to a point, neat mustaches, keen eyes.

"I found a poet near the river," said she, unrebuked.

"My lady honored me," said Master Villon, bowing to the tall man. "François des Loges, at your service."

The keen eyes fastened on him. "Which des Loges?"

"There is but one of me," said Master Villon, "born, such as I am, in Paris or near by."

"Are you sure?"

"I am not," said Master Villon. "I take my mother's word for it."

The tall man held out his hand, not yet letting go with his eyes. "The Seigneur de Grigny, at *your* service."

Master Villon knew the Seigneur de Grigny did not like him, but he had faced adverse opinion before, and just then the innkeeper summoned them to dinner.

"The egg was wasted," he complained. "I thought you had left without paying."

"Your river view," said Master Villon, "is worth a dozen eggs."

"Not to mention," said the girl, "the pleasure of conversation with me. Will you sit at our end of the table, master poet?"

With her cheerful questions, she gave him scarcely an interval for soup-swallowing.

"Do you write poems every day, or only while you are at home?"

Master Villon broke off a piece of bread. "As heaven decides, my lady."

"What are your poems about? Love?"

The seigneur looked up to watch his reply.

"I deal with that theme from time to time. Also with hate."

"Hate? That wouldn't be poetry!"

Her father interrupted: "Mr. des Loges, have you ever eaten at the king's table?"

Master Villon shook his head, his mouth being full.

"You know my friend d'Estouteville?"

Master Villon swallowed hard. "Who?"

"The Provost of Paris."

Knowing the provost entirely too well, Master Villon shied away. "The Duke of Orléans is a friend of mine, in a sense my protector."

"Ah!" said the girl. "There's a poet for you!"

The seigneur smiled ever so slightly. "I *thought* we had met before."

Master Villon let the subject die, more willingly as the girl looked up, ready with another idea.

"THE fine folk kill each other in Paris, don't they? Father says so. And the poor starve. Don't they, father?"

The seigneur was examining his knife, which edge to cut with.

"In all cities," said Master Villon, "there is mischief. The evil with the good. We have the river, this same river, and the islands, and the markets, and the churches, of course, and the inns, and the streets."

"Leave nothing out," said the seigneur. "Mention the jail."

"Father!" said the girl, brushing aside the discordant suggestion. "The streets," she went on, "are crooked and crowded."

"Men and women," said Master Villon. "Give me those and I can live."

The seigneur's eyes almost lifted, then chose not to.

"The women," said the girl, pleased with her inexperience for knowing so much. "You don't need the men. Why did you come away?"

There was no impertinence in her questions, only a cordial turning-over, as of a book's pages, to get at the plot quickly.

"In summer," said he, "when the town is hot, I take to the road."

"And even here a woman interrupts!"

"Louise," said the seigneur, "talk less and eat. We must be on our journey."

"Father, if Mr. des Loges is homeward bound— You are, aren't you?"

He was, so long as the seigneur listened. To be headed openly for Paris might establish credit.

"Then he can ride with us, can't he? There's room in the coach."

"Unless I walk," said Master Villon hastily, "I miss the flavor of travel."

"You're not walking to Paris?" said the girl. "Not with your trunk on your back?"

"On these short rambles, my lady, I exchange the convenience of luggage for an easier touch with earth and weather."

"So far as our paths are the same," said the seigneur with unforeseen complaisance, "we shall be glad of your company, Mr. des Loges."

Master Villon had met danger too often not to recognize the signs. The tall man must have something up his sleeve. "At any other time, my lord—"

"Now!" said the girl. "We won't take no."

So the innkeeper, who had his ear out, came to the side of the seigneur's chair, and at his invitation recited from memory the cost of feeding one gentleman and one daughter, together with one coachman, one footman, and three outriders, who ate in the kitchen, together with five horses, who ate in the stall.

"Mr. des Loges," said the seigneur, more affable than the innkeeper himself, "since you are for the moment my guest, will you give me the pleasure—"

"A thousand thanks," said Master Villon, starting to fish in his pocket, "but I happen to have—"

"There was also," said the innkeeper, "an egg, cooked though not consumed. Half a pound of cheese. A quart of ale."

"Naturally," said the seigneur, untying his purse. "Will you now fetch the coach?"

So the horses clattered up, the footman held the door, the girl stepped in, Master Villon with his gold piece unbroken took the seat on her left side, the seigneur the place of honor on the right.

They rode in silence because the highway was rough, and for other reasons. Twice the girl spoke, but since it would have been equally appropriate for her father or the poet to reply, each left the privilege to the other.

"Suppose I hadn't cared to look at the river!"

Master Villon was estimating his chances of slipping away. Sooner or later the coach would stop. Should he thank them bravely, affect the lighthearted minstrel, and walk on, humming a tune? Or should he dodge behind the coach and run?

"I feel as though we'd been absent a lifetime!"

Her knee was touching his, and if he could reform his impulses so as not to emphasize the pressure, she might continue to believe he was the upholstery.

To steady himself against the jolting of the coach, he put his hand down where he expected to find the leather cushion between them, but her hand was resting there.

"Pardon!" He drew back from the warm softness, wondering at his flush of shame.

A MOMENT later the seigneur roused himself, leaned forward to look out the window.

"We are home," said he. "Mr. des Loges, might we interrupt your walk a second time by providing you with a bed?"

Master Villon saw a trap. "My lord, your kindness is already beyond measure. With your permission—"

The girl put her hand on his and held it there.

"My lord, with your permission I will accept an honor which I do not deserve."

Hardly were the words out of him when the coach wheeled through the gate of the chateau from which he had stolen the piece of gold.

There was such a twist of conscience around his heart that he turned faint, standing in the great hall at the foot of the stairs, with the servants of the house greeting the man and his daughter, and the outriders helping in with the bags.

"Home again, and how I've missed my room!" said the girl, running up to be sure it was still there. Master Villon felt the sweat spring on his brow.

"Mr. des Loges," said her father, leading the way to a small office behind the stairs, "if you'll draw the other bench to my desk, we'll share a bottle before we sleep. I like to wash out the dust."

Master Villon wiped his forehead with his hat and sat down.

"My dear wife," continued the seigneur as the butler poured, "was a des Loges. Louise des Loges. God rest her soul! I have been curious, ever since we met, as to the nearness of blood."

The butler having withdrawn, the white-bearded man raised a red glass, and Master Villon, for want of other ingenuity, returned the salute but did not drink.

"So far as the records are known," the seigneur went on, smacking his lips and stroking his mustache, "no des Loges was ever a poet. A weakness for the arts was first detected in my side of the family."

Master Villon heard the girl coming.

"Until this afternoon I had understood that no des Loges was ever born in Paris, none at least of the au-

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thorized strain. . . . This wine is excellent—or would you prefer—"

"Father, this house has been entered!"

The seigneur looked at her. "Nonsense! The servants were here. Nonsense!"

"My things have been moved around. The dresser has been searched. A gold piece is gone."

"Mr. des Loges will form a sad opinion of us," said the tall man, rising with no great hurry. "Shall we examine the evidence, Mr. des Loges?"

Though he pronounced the name somewhat too often, as it seemed to Master Villon, there was nothing for it but to follow them up the staircase.

"In the morning," said her father, finishing what you might call a surface survey, "I'll have it out with our people. You'd better not sleep here tonight, Louise."

"But of course I will! This is my room!"

"Then I'll show Mr. des Loges to his bed across the hall," said her father, as docile as you could wish.

"Good night, poet," said she, quite herself again, holding out both hands for him to kiss. "I was silly to speak of this accident. Rest well!"

"There's a gown on the bed, Mr. des Loges, and my other pair of slippers," said her father, closing the shutters against the night air. "Shall I send up some fruit to nibble on?"

Master Villon cleared his throat. "I need nothing."

"Good dreams, then. I rise early but my daughter is usually late. Take your time."

Master Villon put off his shoes and stretched on the bed. The seigneur had removed the candle, and the shutters were locked, unless a practiced ear could mistake. In the hall below waited, no doubt, the men who had ridden beside the coach.

Yet it wasn't danger that kept him awake, but the gold piece and the girl to whom it belonged. Her hand on his!

Strange that he should melt before a creature so childlike, he who had shunned innocence and paid tribute rather to what was scarred and scorched. At the goodness which knows little, he had laughed. But lying there on the bed, he wished the gold piece were where it should have stayed. He wished he were—whatever she imagined him to be.

If her father intended to hold him till the des Loges records could be examined, the sheriff might happen along with his rope, and if the girl were looking on while they searched his pockets, she would recognize the money and know he deserved to swing.

If, on the other hand, he could put the money back, then even if he hanged—

MASTER VILLON gave the household ample time to fall asleep. With his shoes in his hand he then drew open his door inch by inch. Diagonally to the left, if he could remember the precise angle—

When his groping fingers told him her door was not entirely closed, he stepped back, as from peril. It couldn't be true! Of another woman, yes, but not of her! How many times had he thanked fortune for a ripe adventure dropped in his hands! But now he wasn't thankful. His heart ached with fear that she might be like all the rest.

Well, he would restore the gold piece and take his chance with the watchmen downstairs. In every house, no matter how timid, one window is overlooked. . . . The dresser would be to the right—the top drawer.

In the darkness he fancied he could trace the figure on the bed. He tried not to breathe. The top drawer came out, noiseless. He smoothed down the folded black stockings. He laid the coin gently, felt it sink upon the fabric.

To his horror the lovely form sat up in bed, struck a vigorous flint, lighted a candle.

"François Villon," said the seigneur, bringing his boots down on the floor and rising fully clad, "the compliment which you meditated, the tribute to my daughter, and therefore indirectly to me, is not acceptable. On your rambles, as I observed, you wear no sword, but happily I possess two. Take your choice!"

Master Villon, very weary of life at that moment, raised a limp hand and grasped one of the hilts her father was holding toward him in the candle gloom.

"There is more space in the hall," said the man, kicking a chair out of the way, "but it will be a pleasure to kill you here."

"Father! No!"

They both turned and saw her at the door, candle in hand, clad somewhat hastily in a trailing nightrobe.

"Go back to my room, daughter!"

"You mustn't kill him, father! He meant no harm!"

"The worst rascal in France," said her father. "At the inn table I knew him. He accepted my hospitality, then stole here to dishonor you. I was sure he would."

Master Villon dropped his sword on the girl's bed, with the hilt toward the seigneur. "I'm not in the mood," said he. "Run the blade through me and be done with it!"

The seigneur reached for the bell cord. "You're no gentleman, François Villon. The two swords were for my daughter's sake, and because you happened to borrow my wife's name. Bring a rope," he went on as the outriders stuck their heads in. "We'll hang him from the window."

"Not from *my* window!" pleaded the girl. "Not from this house! I couldn't live here! I'd see his body swinging outside! I'd—"

"You have your mother's practical sense," said the seigneur. "Why soil a good home? François Villon, have the courtesy to be hanged elsewhere. I'll give you six hours' start. It is now past midnight. At seven or eight in the morning my dogs and my men will join you under some convenient tree."

The outriders took him by the elbows and rushed him down the stairs.

"My hat," said Master Villon. "I left it in the office."

"Give it to him! His hat!" exclaimed the seigneur.

WHEN they kicked him through the gate, she was standing by her father, motionless, with the nightrobe around her.

Nine o'clock or thereabout next morning, she was walking in the rose garden when a bough cracked in the apple tree over the wall. The fruit that bounced at her feet was Master Villon.

She began to smile, then turned white. "Father is looking for you."

"I saw him ride off, my lady."

"I'm sorry you returned."

"My lady, do you regret our meeting in the first place?"

For a moment she stared at the ground.

"As father said, you took his hospitality and then you—"

"He was playing a trick," said Master Villon with some heat. "He was catching a fly with honey. Hospitality should be too sacred for a treacherous use!"

"You and father may argue that sometime. *I* wasn't treacherous. I liked you. You knew I did. Yet you came looking for me where—where you thought I was."

Master Villon did not laugh at the sequence of her ideas; his mind was on what he must now tell her, and how she would take it.

"You believe, with your father, that I entered your room to possess you? I had no such purpose! The next time I come there, yes, but not last night."

She put those honest brown eyes on him. "Why did you come?"

"To return your gold piece."

For once she flinched under the full blow of that news.

"Then you *are* a thief!"

"I was. Until I met you."

They stood silent the longest of moments.

"Why did you come this morning? Just to make certain that I knew the worst?"

"No!" said he with sudden vigor. "To learn whether you too enjoy stamping on those who are found out!"

She may not have understood him. Or perhaps she did.

"The gold piece is not important. Not in the slightest!"

"To me," he said, "it is—very!"

He bowed, hat on heart, as though closing the episode for the time being, and she watched while he climbed the wall, took hold of the apple bough for a safe purchase, and leaped to the turf outside.

THE END

"TINKER to EVERS to CHANCE"

Delirious Days Among the Immortals . . . The Inside Story of Baseball's Most Famous Trio

by JOHNNY EVERS

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 41 SECONDS

THE bitter team feuds that formerly existed in baseball have disappeared from the game—and with them has gone much of the passionate interest that consumed the fans and made them inflammable in the boisterous days when John McGraw used to send telegrams ahead demanding police protection for his players and we had to lie down on the floor of the bus in which we rode to the ball park to escape the rocks that were thrown at us by an aroused populace in every town we visited. Part of this was pure showmanship employed for its psychological effect—but the players soon forgot that and made it a real battle.

Back in 1906, when we won the pennant in the National League and played the White Sox in the World Series, it was the first time in baseball history that two teams from the same city had met for the world's championship title, and it practically caused a civil war between the West Side and the South Side in Chicago. We played on the West Side, while the White Sox grounds were on the South Side; and, though both clubs were Chicago institutions, these two sections of the city were as violent in their partisanship as though they had been two separate nations, and they looked upon that 1906 World Series in the light of a bitter personal warfare.

Street fights became common occurrences. Mobs from the South Side invaded the West Side to engage in bitter battles with the Cubs' adherents, and West Siders made counterattacks on the South Side. Chicago was in a turmoil for a week before and during the series. Business was neglected and in many cases all work abandoned.

Though we were overwhelming favorites to beat the "hitless" White Sox, we lost that series, four games to two, through the great pitching of Nick Altrock and Ed Walsh—aided and abetted by a trick that the White Sox had worked all season and that, so far as I know, has never been mentioned in connection with the playing of the "hitless wonders."

The White Sox had their outfield fences painted in several contrasting broken colors, with signs in huge white letters, so that the sunlight, shining on this broken and glaring background, blinded the batter. The White Sox, having a weak hitting team anyway, didn't suffer so much from this bad background as a stronger hitting ball club, so it gave them a big advantage by serving to equalize the hitting.

The figures show that during those years the hitting by visiting ball clubs to the White Sox park was always light.

It may also serve to cast some light on the great pitching records hung up by the White Sox pitchers, Walsh winning forty games in 1908. In one of the games in this series Walsh shut us out with two hits and set a new World Series record by striking out an even dozen. In another game each side made only four hits, while in two other games Reulbach held the Sox to two hits in one game, and Brown beat them 1 to 0 in the other.

There is no question in my mind that an important part of the strategy of Fielder Jones's "hitless wonders" of 1906 was that blaring, blazing, blinding background on the outfield fences at the White Sox park.

This question of background is an important item in the matter of hitting or not hitting. Pitchers used to take advantage of it by "pitching out of their letters"—pitching straight from the shoulder and then stepping behind the pitch so that the batter sees the ball against the letters on the pitcher's shirt. Some pitchers used to destroy the batter's vision by wearing a red undershirt with a flapping sleeve and waving this behind the pitch.

But the oddest instance was when Ed Reulbach used an umpire for the purpose in one of our games in Cincinnati in 1909. There were two umpires in the game and a new man was officiating on the bases. Reulbach became friendly with him, and when there were no runners on the bases to command the umpire's attention he invited the new arbiter to stand behind him and watch how his curve was breaking. Reulbach then maneuvered him around until he stood in the line of the batter's vision—then he'd pitch the ball. For five innings that umpire helped us to beat Cincinnati; then the Cincinnati players tumbled to the racket and complained to the chief umpire behind the plate, who ordered the field umpire to move out from behind Reulbach.

It was an important part of the game in those delirious days to think of tricks and strategies that never enter

Johnny Kling once traded two uniforms and a bat for Joe Tinker out in Kansas City.

Baseball's immortal combination. Left to right: Frank Chance, Joe Tinker, and the author, Johnny Evers.

the head of the ballplayer today because he is mainly concerned with his hitting and fielding. Tinker, Kling, and I collaborated in a little trick that we worked successfully and that helped us to win a lot of close ball games before opposing base runners tumbled to it. We couldn't work it on the same player twice, but kept on using it against new players that came into the league.

A single instance will serve to illustrate. In 1908 we were in Boston for a series when, with the score tied in a late inning, they got a runner on second with one out. I signaled to Kling for the delayed throw trick he and Tinker and I had figured out for use in a critical situation. On the next ball pitched to the batter the runner naturally ran up toward third with the pitch. Kling motioned as if to throw to second in an effort to catch him. I raced over as if to cover, but Kling didn't throw.

The runner, hustling back to the bag, seeing that Kling didn't throw, stopped. I turned my back to him and started back to my position, saying, " We'd have had you that time, old boy, if Kling had thrown the ball." Seeing there was no play and thrown off his guard by my remark, the runner, for a fatal instant, relaxed and turned his head to make some retort. In that instant Kling threw, Tinker, dashing up behind the runner, met the ball at full speed and jabbed it into the unsuspecting runner's ribs, and before he knew what had happened he was out.

There is nothing that so discourages a team and breaks up a promising rally like having a runner that has advanced to scoring position picked off the bases, and we always reserved this little trick for a close ball game.

It was also that team of ours that introduced the " bluff bunt " into baseball strategy. This was devised to advance a runner from second to third without the batter sacrificing himself. As the batter plainly telegraphed his intent to bunt, the runner on second started for third with the pitcher's delivery. The batter (always a right-hand batter in this case) pretended to bunt but purposely missed the ball. Then, as though by accident from being off balance through his lunge at the ball, he shoved his body over the plate in front of the catcher. This interfered with the catcher's throw long enough to permit the runner to slide into third safely, and we had him in a position to score on a sacrifice fly with only the loss of one strike on the batter.

THE home-run spree has taken that sort of strategy out of the game, due to the minimum of value that is now attached to a single run. In those battling days a one-run lead meant something.

" Tinker to Evers to Chance " is an expression that has come down through the years until it is familiar to all baseball fans; but I want to explain, now, that those double plays we made were all part of a prearranged program and there was more than Joe Tinker and Frank Chance and I concerned in their execution.

With a runner on first it was a part of our strategy for the pitcher to pitch low and " down the middle " to the batter to make him hit the ball on the ground and straight away—what we called a " double-play ball." We didn't want to give him a chance to pull it down the foul line. With the present lively ball in the game we wouldn't have been so successful with this artifice, because it would be driven through the infield too fast for us to cover.

The way that " Tinker to Evers to Chance " combination came to the Cubs is a classic in itself. Johnny Kling once traded two uniforms and a bat for Tinker out in Kansas City; Frank Chance was an amateur catcher with gnarled and busted fingers who came to the Cubs for nothing and was converted into a first baseman against his will; and I was just an afterthought, thrown in for good measure with a pitcher by the Troy, New York, club, and was nearly laughed out of the Cubs ball park when I reported.

Tinker began playing ball with the John Taylor team in Kansas City in 1896. The next year Hagen's Tailors paid two dollars for him and he helped that team win the city championship in 1898. After that he went with the Bruce Lumber team, and the next year with Johnny Kling, managing a team known as the Schmeltzers in Kansas City.

AFTER drifting to several other teams, he wound up playing third base for the Portland, Oregon, team in the old Northwest League in 1901. He accepted an offer from Chicago and found himself back on the same club with Kling.

It was in March, 1898, that a big bowlegged awkward young catcher with busted fingers reported to the Cubs for a tryout at their spring training quarters at West Baden, Indiana. He had no experience except what he had gained in amateur games in his home state of California. It had been Bill Lange, a famous player with the Chicago club who lived in California, who recommended him for a trial.

As a catcher he was always getting hurt and was nearly killed twice, and it was not until 1903 that Frank Selee, then manager of the Chicago club, induced him, after long argument, to try playing first base. He became one of the greatest.

There isn't much to say about myself. In fact, there wasn't much of me even to look at—I was thin and anemic and undersized compared to the husky bruisers who played ball in those days. That's why they nearly laughed me out of the ball park when a scout dragged me in. The scout had been sent to the Troy club in the New York State League in the summer of 1902 to get Hardy, a pitcher from Troy. Frank Selee wired him to get also a second baseman. I was playing shortstop for Troy. They wouldn't part with their second baseman, but they threw me in for good measure with the pitcher, and when the scout got back to Chicago dragging a skinny little shrimp along with him as the second baseman he had been told to get, he was greeted with a horse laugh and told that they weren't looking for a jockey.

Not having the beef or the brawn, I had to make up for that lack with something else. Anyway, I managed to stick around for fourteen years. And those were the most furious, fighting, boisterous, and thrilling years that baseball has ever known. Then the fires burned low. The spark died out and there was nothing left but the dead ashes. It wasn't my kind of baseball any more.

THE END

JULIET 1936

Norma Shearer Scales the Heights in the Newest Version of the Old Love Story—While, for Contrast, the Movies Present Miss Loy in a Pungent Play of Modern Marriage

by BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

4 stars—Extraordinary 3 stars—Excellent
2 stars—Good 1 star—Poor
0 star—Very Poor

★★★★ ROMEO AND JULIET

THE PLAYERS: Norma Shearer, Leslie Howard, John Barrymore, Edna May Oliver, Basil Rathbone, C. Aubrey Smith, Andy Devine, Conway Tearle, Henry Kolker, Reginald Denny, Ralph Forbes, Robert Warwick, Virginia Hammond, Violet Kemble Cooper. Directed by George Cukor. Play by William Shakespeare.

WHEN M-G-M announced that it was going to film Romeo and Juliet, it seemed inevitable that the picture would shock Shakespeare students and bore movie audiences. As a matter of happy fact, it does neither.

This is a gorgeous, opulent version of the great love classic that retains the liveliness of the story and at the same time is delicately attuned to every nuance of its magic poetry. Here is a deeply touching, scholastically faithful account of Shakespeare's romance that manages to combine an academic sincerity with robust and poignant reality. Indeed, the outstanding quality of the picture is its balance. The beautiful settings and costumes are never used as mere lavish display, and their striking fitness gives the piece a breathing life it seldom attains on the stage.

Leslie Howard and Norma Shearer in a scene from the Shakespearean classic, Romeo and Juliet.

Despite a somewhat tepid beginning and an atrocious performance by John Barrymore, whose exorbitant ranting and face-making ruin the prize role of Mercutio, Romeo and Juliet is grand entertainment easily adaptable to camera methods.

Dominating the picture is Norma Shearer's exquisite portrait of Juliet. Nothing in her lengthy career has indicated that this actress could climb to the heights she scales in this. Certainly her interpretation may rank with the best of these times. And the warmth, the uncloying youth, the shyly passionate feeling with which she invests the part mark this as one of the screen's great performances.

As Romeo, Leslie Howard is not the traditionally fiery youth, but his stylized acting easily captures both sympathy and respect. The rest of the stellar cast, headed by Edna May Oliver, Basil Rathbone, Reginald Denny, and, of all people, Andy Devine, help to fashion a version as moving as it is handsome.

VITAL STATISTICS: Hahvahd grad and adaptor Talbot Jennings started as an engineer, ditched it to study under Prof. John Murray, big authority on Elizabethan plays. Jennings researched Shakspur on the home grounds, wrote a flop play, English-produced, about him called This Side Idolatry, in which Leslie Howard played the Bard, after which Jennings remarked: "The English just aren't interested in Shakespeare!" Jennings had stage scripts from Cibber's to Le Gallienne's to adjust his from; Cornell Prof. William Strunk on the M-G-M pay roll to consult on check-ups; and Prof. Murray loitering willingly in background. Jennings cut the play with a reverend scalpel, using the Cambridge edition, retaining 22 of play's 24 scenes, including all favorite passages, and there isn't a word in the movie that isn't Shakespeare's, no matter how arranged! . . . The year 1460 was selected as period for movie, although in Shakespeare's time Elizabethan costumes were used. Verona was ransacked for props; fancier dueling was taught the players; first rehearsal was on Dec. 8, '35, and was photographed against plain backgrounds to help when actual scenes were shot later. Four weeks taken for dueling scenes—4 sets of them; balcony scenes required 5 weeks to make; 100 tailors sewed the men's pants together; 500 women made the costumes from Oliver Messel & Adrian Greenberg's diagrams; square of Verona, Church of San Zeno adorning it, covered 8 back-lot M-G-M acres; score was recorded with such pretty noise machines as virginals, serpents, lutes, rebecs, violas d'amore, and bells. Director George Cukor got $125,000 for megging it; Barrymore about $50,000 for his part. For first time, movies permitted balcony and garden to be seen from Romeo's angle, Juliet's, spectators'—the whole thing coming to $2,000,000, a mere bagashells for Thalberg. . . . Thalberg considered daring to make this in teeth of Warner Bros.' $2,300,000 collapsed Midsummer Night's Mare, but Thalberg figures R & J has been in one form or other the biggest box-office smash for all time, so what is there to lose? Tremendous ballyhoo, plus world premiere in Shakspur Memorial Theatre at Stratford on Avon, plus inherent hokum in plot, will gain picture at least an even break, says my financial adviser. . . . Pretty Mrs. Thalberg, otherwise Norma Shearer, is the most mothered Juliet yet—2 children—and though Juliet is supposed to be but fourteen, tragedy of casting is that no actress can really do justice to the part till about fifteen to fifty years after maturity. . . . Leslie Howard wore glasses while whipping up passion for the part, smoked a pipe, and had his daughter Leslie Ruth around rather prominently, considering his supposed love-torn bachelor condition. After a New York Hamlet, he will make $250,000ers in England, and may leave screen forever. . . . John (Beep) Barrymore had more Barrie trouble throughout this.

★★★ TO MARY—WITH LOVE

THE PLAYERS: Warner Baxter, Myrna Loy, Ian Hunter, Claire Trevor, Jean Dixon, Pat Somerset, Helen Brown, Wedgewood Nowell, Harold Foshay, Paul Hurst. Directed by John Cromwell. Story by Richard Sherman.

BASED on Richard Sherman's penetrating story, To Mary—With Love is an emotional account of ten years of married life. Opening in 1925, this intelligently sentimental film records the marital turmoil that befalls Myrna Loy, the screen's favorite wife, and Warner Baxter. Showing the events and people who affect their happiness, the picture, in its broad outline, is quite familiar stuff, but so sincerely played that the pungent screen play by Sherman and Howard Smith is displayed to telling effect.

Quite aside from its value as a brightly written but fundamentally serious appraisal of a modern marriage, To Mary—With Love is chiefly notable for the way it has

woven the outstanding moments of the last ten years into the fabric of its plot. The picture is spotted with such events as the Dempsey-Tunney fight, the stock-market crash, hysterical New York on the day of Lindbergh's triumphant return from his solo flight to France, Coolidge's perplexing utterance, " I do not choose to run," and such now ludicrous phrase as " Prosperity is just around the corner." The picture has a sharp ear for the past, too. It has caught the slang of the last decade, and as the years progress the language of the characters changes.

Myrna Loy, as the suffering wife, once more scores in the sort of role she handles so well, while Ian Hunter, as her self-sacrificing admirer, very nearly steals the show. As the primary menace to Miss Loy's marriage, Claire Trevor, playing a hedonistic drunkard, is a complete delight. Even with Baxter's stodgy work, the film has undeniable feeling and a sharply distinctive flavor that make it a tearful treat for the up-to-date matron.

VITAL STATISTICS: Warner Baxter enjoyed getting out of whisker parts—his last three—and playing something closer to his age and which required what he calls a minimum of labor, being a married man himself and knowing all the lines. Liked to be unshaven for this because he didn't have to spend three hours putting on crepe whiskers (as in Shark Island) but only fifteen minutes, rest of time going to good honest sleep, so necessary in a harassed overworked actor's life. During between-scenes waits Baxter spent most of time gazing into space, creating mental images of his coming hunting trip with Bill Powell and stand-in Frank McGrath, steadiest side-kicks. After two weeks with Powell exploring Death Valley, he returned with bad sunburn, Powell with sore feet. Got all whipped up about his defeat-as-a-husband sequences in this and got to hurling bromides for publication around, such as " There's no such thing as defeat, and the trouble with busted marriages is that bride and groom lose their true perspectives about each other's worth." Recalled time when he himself got kicked out of Lubitsch's Marriage Circle, only to stand in front of mirror, tell himself he could Do It! then went out and got married into a marriage which has stuck! . . . Following an argument with Baxter, who said there was no such thing as scientific hoss-race betting, Stand-in McGrath won a $20 three-horse parlay at Havre de Grace April 15, netting him $2,760.50. He bet on Malispina, then Epitaph, and the lot on the nose of Finisher. . . . Hollywood's soberest drunk, Paul Hurst, just before the reeling scene begins, whirls on heel two or three times, then staggers into it, sibilating all *s*'s with a *sh!* Seems a good cheap way to get the effect, even in real life. . . . After playing 20 cloying sweet things at the Twentieth Century-Fox Bush League Western Ave. Branch, Claire Trevor was thrilled to death not only to be graduated to the Fox Hills but also to play her first heavy! She crossworded throughout picture waits. . . . Hollywood's dolling Myrna Loy got herself married to Producer Arthur Hornblow on a flyer to Yuma. Myrna read (as usual) deep books between waits, specializing on Parade of the Living, something on paleontology. She also crocheted afghans and thought of her new husband. . . . Ian Hunter just sat and looked on the set. . . . Jean Dixon fussed forever with that golden hair—both under the spell of the gravity of the film's serious authenticity of emotion. . . . No mishaps except Loy caught cold, threatened progress for a few hours, but finding herself hoarsing up the proceedings, got a decibel reading of her voice before and after cold, and even the differential by pitching her lines a few steps higher. Three former Loy-Baxter teamings have resulted in gold rush at the box office. . . . Save your 1925-'26 costumes; it's harder for studyos to get them than 1400ers. . . . Technique of using old newsreel shots—real ones—new to pictures, and made possible by device which allows old shots to be projected on enormous screen background while players act in front.

★ ★ ½ RHYTHM ON THE RANGE

THE PLAYERS: Bing Crosby, Frances Farmer, Bob Burns, Martha Raye, Samuel S. Hinds, Warren Hymer, Lucille Gleason, George E. Stone, James Burke, Martha Sleeper, Clem Bevans, Leonid Kinsky, Charles Williams. Directed by Norman Taurog. Story by Mervin J. Houser.

SWING is the tempo of modern popular music, and Bing Crosby's comedy, Rhythm on the Range, fully exploits this current craze. Never pretending to be realistic, this giddy piece devotes all its bouncing energies to laughter and song. And only because it is handicapped by a hackneyed attenuated plot does it fail to become outstanding film fare.

The big situation in Rhythm on the Range is the same one that was popularized in It Happened One Night and used in a score of films since then. Once more we are shown a poor boy and a rich girl, at odds with each other, who are forced to travel together. Their frosty romance suffers such minor obstacles as addlebrained kidnapers who would snatch the rich girl, and the girl's wealthy aunt who suspects the poor cow hand of mercenary intentions.

While this cinematic cliché is treated and developed in strictly formula manner, Rhythm on the Range does not rest with mere storytelling. The film surrounds its rotund star with a trio of new personalities of bright promise.

Leading these screen novices is Martha Raye, whose sizzling rendition of You'll Have to Swing It is just about the season's high point in hot music. Not only is the slam-bang Miss Raye a sensational lyric shouter, but she is the possessor of a roughhouse comedy style that makes Jimmy Durante seem elfin. Radio's Bob Burns, with bazooka, also makes an agreeable film debut, his dryly loquacious humor nicely contrasting with Miss Raye's unrestrained horseplay. Opposite Bing is Paramount's latest discovery, tall blonde Frances Farmer, a welcome addition to the screen. And though cowboys will be surprised at their interpretation of ranch life, these new players greatly assist Bing in making this an entertaining though spotty pictorial jam session.

•VITAL STATISTICS: This isn't debuttal for multitudinously uncled Robert Burns, gabby first cit of Van Buren, Arkansaw. Bob broke into pictures in 1913 in a white uniform, cocked hat, and leggings guarding a castle in an old Biographer made on Eleventh Avenue, New York. For $3 a day he let 300 peasants in wooden shoes and two armies run over his body, including 8 rehearsals. Stayed out of films till 1930 after that. Bob's as drawly offscreen as on, saying some people get dizzy in high places but he had to be dizzy to get to the high places. Success hasn't dimmed him or tightened his hatband. He just marvels that once, when broke, he did an act in Pasadena, Cal., for $8, stopped off at Glendale and repeated it for $4, then just the other day stopped off at Chicago and got $650 for it. Bob's really of Van Buren, Ark.; has sadly threatened the financial security of the town because thousands write in and ask if he really belongs there, and stamps to answer cost money. Says when he returned after success to Van Buren 20,000 met his train, although town's population is only 5,000. Wanted to be sailor when a boy; compromised by inventing the bazooka—two pieces of gas pipe with a whisky funnel soldered to the end. Says he's the only living person who can play the bazooka and wants to. Didn't finish grammar school and was given his high-school diploma on last trip home; aged 41, he's class of '35. Joined minstrel show when young, playing mandolin, violin, piano, and bazooka, all for $3 a week—strictly profiteering on his part. He varietied till war; went overseas in a gunnery band; claims he ended the war by playing the bazooka in no man's land night of November 10, 1918. After war barnstormed around Europe, disturbing the peace with the bazooka; returned to America to disturb our peace in blackface in inconspicuous vodvil act with one Claude West. Got into radio in 1932 and in a year his salary had risen from nothing to $7.50 a program. Got on Vallee program by getting wrong number on phone; had high buck fever before doing turn; then overtalked his 6 minutes to 13, but nobody minded and success came. Is married; has a jr. . . . Cuddles, the bull, is a 2,200-pound champion Hereford; belongs to the rich Baldwins of Hawaii; is as gentle as a lamb; had a stand-in; got an olive-oil-and-bay-rum shampoo every morning before work. . . . Bing Crosby is known as the Man Who Can Take It, and a constant subject for ribs. Keeps a sweet temper, yet had his goat got when 500 stood on set and sang Happy Birthday to You on that day. I don't blame him. I hate the song and gesture. In rodeo scene in syntheticked Mad. Sq. Garden where he sings on whitehoss-back, Taurog pointed out ribbingly that the extras were getting $3.20 a day to hear him sing, so he'd have to make it good, people usually paying for such privileges. On Lone Pine, High Sierra, location, Bing dropped in desert café unrecognized. Asked for buttered toast—got it unbuttered; remonstrated—was fresh-waitressed, " Say, your arm ain't broke, is it? " . . . James Burke goes in for gags like handing a restaurant waitress a card on which he's had his order printed. . . . Martha Raye was born in the top shelf of a theater trunk and has done 14 of her years in grease paint. . . . George Stone's been thrown in a movie sewer; shot down; suffocated in a locked desk; driven off cliffs; killed by gangsters; and sees

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no hope for a placid movie career. . . . Picture cost about $1,500,000, and morning after preview bankers in East put large wet thumbs down on Paramount expenditures.

★ ★ ½ CHARLIE CHAN AT THE RACE TRACK

THE PLAYERS: Warner Oland, Keye Luke, Helen Wood, Thomas Beck, Alan Dinehart, Gavin Muir, Gloria Roy, Jonathan Hale, G. P. Huntley, Jr., George Irving, Frank Coghlan, Jr., Frankie Darro. Directed by H. Bruce Humberstone. Story by Lou Breslow and Saul Elkins.

LATEST chapter in the sleuthing career of Charlie Chan, the late Earl Derr Biggers's perennial detective, is Charlie Chan at the Race Track. In this the Oriental flatfoot calmly and with imperturbable good humor unearths a race-fixing gambling ring that includes murder in its nefarious manipulations. There are a multitude of clues, and the surprise climax is based on reasoning that plays fair with the audience, though only the sharpest of fans will be able to foretell the ending.

Warner Oland is given able support by Keye Luke, who plays his enthusiastic but blundering son. Others in this engrossing cinema puzzle are Helen Wood and Thomas Beck, who provide the slight love interest, and Alan Dinehart, G. P. Huntley, Jr., Frankie Darro, and Gavin Muir, all of whom are properly baffling as suspicious characters.

VITAL STATISTICS: Johann Warner Oland, synthetic Chink, thoroughly wowed 'em on recent junket to Orient. Since he's practically only actor in world who doesn't portray the Oriental as a slink-eyed opium-smoking highbinding evil crooked-toothed laundryman fooey manchu, everywhere he was met by fancy-rigged dignitaries and given freedom of Orient. Only mishap: on return held up start of Equine Chan plees one week because of tender condition of honorable Oland dogs, wearied by much ankling about Orient. After five years of Chan bromidic sleuthing Oland is known equally as Chan and Oland and even talks the jerky economical Chan bromide offscreen. Has ninety-year-old mother-in-law of whom he's very fond and for whom he and Mrs. O. donned Chinese robes and masks and did impromptu Chinese pantomime, at which velly good plees. Got all hot and racing bothered in Santa Anita track sequences and bought ⅓ intrist in 1-horse stable. If honorable intrist hold, maybe purchase full stable of one full horse plees. . . . Keye Luke does lightning-fast caricatures for fan autogs; likes almond duck smothered in apricot sauce Orientally and glorified hamburger and thick jumbo malt on his Amellican slide. Couldn't get in Good Earth because he was too Chinese. . . . Tek-Director Monroe Liebgold one-time jock for H. P. Whitney. . . . Writers practically wrote this in a stable so's not to miss authentic hossy aura. . . . Helen Wood and Tom Beck play what's known as the couple in distress, part of the Chan writing teknik. Helen had her nineteenth birthday herein. Has the loveliest hands in Hollywood; also is exquisite in tooth and lip, and unmarried. Helen eschews cocktails, professional manicures; serves cake and coffee if you call on her. . . . Tom Beck lost two impacted wisdom teeth; got called on by Anita Louise and other Hollywood beauties, who put icepax on his handsome jowls, supplied bloomers. Tom's going to send the dentist a bonus with the bill, so much pulchritude being excessively welcome. . . . Alan Dinehart jointly celebrated third wedding anniversary to Mozelle Britoon and christening of Mason Alan D., Jr., during filming.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Nine Days a Queen, The Green Pastures, Show Boat, The Country Doctor, These Three, The Trail of the Lonesome Pine.

★★★½—San Francisco, The Road to Glory, Anthony Adverse, Under Two Flags, The Great Ziegfeld, Mr. Deeds Goes to Town, Sutter's Gold, Captain January, Little Lord Fauntleroy, Follow the Fleet, Modern Times, Next Time We Love, The Milky Way.

★★★—My Man Godfrey, The Bride Walks Out, The White Angel, The Poor Little Rich Girl, The King Steps Out, Fury, The Princess Comes Across, The Dancing Pirate, The Ex-Mrs. Bradford, Let's Sing Again, Small Town Girl, The Moon's Our Home, Petticoat Fever, Too Many Parents, Everybody's Old Man, Screen Snapshots, Love Before Breakfast, Three Little Wolves, The Prisoner of Shark Island, Gentle Julia, Wife versus Secretary, It Had to Happen, The Voice of Bugle Ann.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

1—Seventeen years a senator, he tossed harpoons at the Elephant; now defends the Donkey. At college he pitched, played pro ball; now delights in poker. From Mississippi; he has been insolvent; now has much to do with taxing us. Whose early likeness is shown in the photo at the right?

2—What was "the Murderers Bible"?

3—Which farm animal gives the highest meat production per pound of feed?

4—How old is King Edward?

5—What has no legs, about 280 kidneys, and cannot see, yet distinguishes between light and darkness?

6—Where is the oldest stock exchange in the United States?

7—What American game is most popular from the standpoint of paid admissions?

8—Who was the stage star of Peg o' My Heart?

9—What city, named after the Vice-President under Polk, gained over 100,000 population between 1920 and 1930?

10—Who said, "Red wins sometimes, black wins sometimes; but white wins all the time"?

11—During the Civil War the Northern army had more than 100,000 losses due to wounds. What were the losses due to disease?

12—Who wrote The Last Days of Pompeii?

13—The Statue of Liberty is on what island?

14—What word describes a crustacean used in cocktails and a person of little significance?

15—Who composed Lucia di Lammermoor?

16—One cubic foot of cement, two of sand, and four of broken stone make how many cubic feet of concrete?

17—Who said, "I am the administration's fifth wheel, or what you might call the spare tire"?

18—How long are United States passports valid?

19—What youth in his teens from overseas was made a major general by Washington?

20—Which President was born at Corsica, Ohio, and died at San Francisco?

(Answers will be found on page 49)

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The CASE New Jersey Would Like to Forget

A Hoax "Confessed"—Now John Hughes Curtis's Story Reaches Its Strange, Bewildering Climax

by C. LLOYD FISHER

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

AFTER learning that the storm which had forced the Marcon in to Norfolk had also broken down the gang's schooner, John Hughes Curtis—all this according to his own story as told to Mr. Fisher—received a message via Hilda Larsen and went to New York, where Larsen told him the seas off Norfolk were getting too "hot." Colonel Lindbergh assenting, Curtis arranged for the use of a bigger yacht, the Cachalot, off Atlantic City and Cape May. Again a storm interfered. He was in Atlantic City to meet Hilda and arrange for still another attempt at contact when Colonel Schwarzkopf phoned him an urgent code message to be delivered to Colonel Lindbergh on the Cachalot. As she was off Cape May, he phoned it to a friend there and made sure of its being taken to the yacht. Hilda said the schooner was now off the coast with the Lindbergh baby,

ready to make delivery. Success seemed at hand—and then Curtis heard the tragic news: The baby had been found—dead.

Colonel Schwarzkopf sent a car for him. At Hopewell high police officers began questioning him closely, and would not let him go home for some of his memoranda of details. Colonel Lindbergh arrived, shook hands with him, and was agreeing that they should get together and plan a swift effort to round up the available members of the gang when a state trooper interrupted, calling the Colonel outside for a conference. He never returned from it.

The Mrs. Larsen who had no knowledge of a Hilda.

PART FIVE—"NOW YOU'RE RUINED FOR LIFE"

WELL, ladies and gentlemen of the great jury of the American people, I told you in the beginning that I would tell John Hughes Curtis's story as nearly as possible the way he told it to me.

The happenings on board the Marcon and the Cachalot are, in their main facts, questioned by nobody. The happenings during the next six days of Curtis's vigil at the Lindbergh home are—well, everything depends on the estimate you have formed of John Hughes Curtis and the confidence you place in his given word.

In order that there may be no injustice done, I am going to give this part of the story he told me that first day in the Flemington jail practically word for word as it appears in the stenographer's notes of his own dictation—except that I am taking the liberty of disguising the identities of the individual officers.

"After the brief interview with Colonel Lindbergh," said Curtis, "which was interrupted by the trooper, I was taken back to Schwarzkopf's office, and asked to give, to the best of my knowledge and belief without my notes, a statement covering my entire transaction. This I did. I was frequently interrupted by their endeavors to stump me, and my reply was invariably that I was giving it hurriedly and had asked from the first to be permitted to go to Norfolk and to New York to secure my notes.

"There followed a general discussion of the entire transaction, and veiled hints that some of the information that I had given Lindbergh did not check up; also that I was holding out. I again asked that I be permitted to go to Norfolk and return at once.

"After a lengthy discussion, it was decided—with my hearty approval—that the first step was for me to go to Cape May and show them where I had made contacts. This was at daylight on Friday morning, May 13. Schwarzkopf detailed Sergeant Mullins and Trooper Holt and told me we would pick up Lieutenant Jones at Cape May Courthouse. We left at once.

"We had not gotten out of the Lindbergh yard before I saw that Sergeant Mullins was sore at this detail because he did not like the idea of Lieutenant Jones joining them. He had been instructed as he left the office by Schwarzkopf to stay as long as it was necessary to completely finish his investigation to my satisfaction, and to make a complete report of the matter.

"Mullins could not think of anything but damning every one from start to finish—stating that he had had more experience than the rest of them in running down murderers, etc., and why did he need Lieutenant Jones to tell him what to do? We picked up Jones at Cape May Courthouse and proceeded to Cape May."

I think I should interrupt to say that since these events are alleged to have occurred a complete change of command has been made in the personnel of the New Jersey State Police, and that I firmly believe that under the command of Colonel Mark O. Kimberling no such events could have occurred—or will.

"I had minutely described the house where I had made my contact," Curtis continued, "especially the room in which we had talked. Mullins was aware of this. As I stopped them in front of this house I requested that they arrange to go in and check on this room. They went to the house, walked on the porch, and found it locked up. I asked them if they could not enter, and Lieutenant Jones stated he would return the next day to make fingerprints. I told him I thought this would be very important. Mullins appeared bored, and instead of going to the back of the house or looking through the windows he returned to his car.

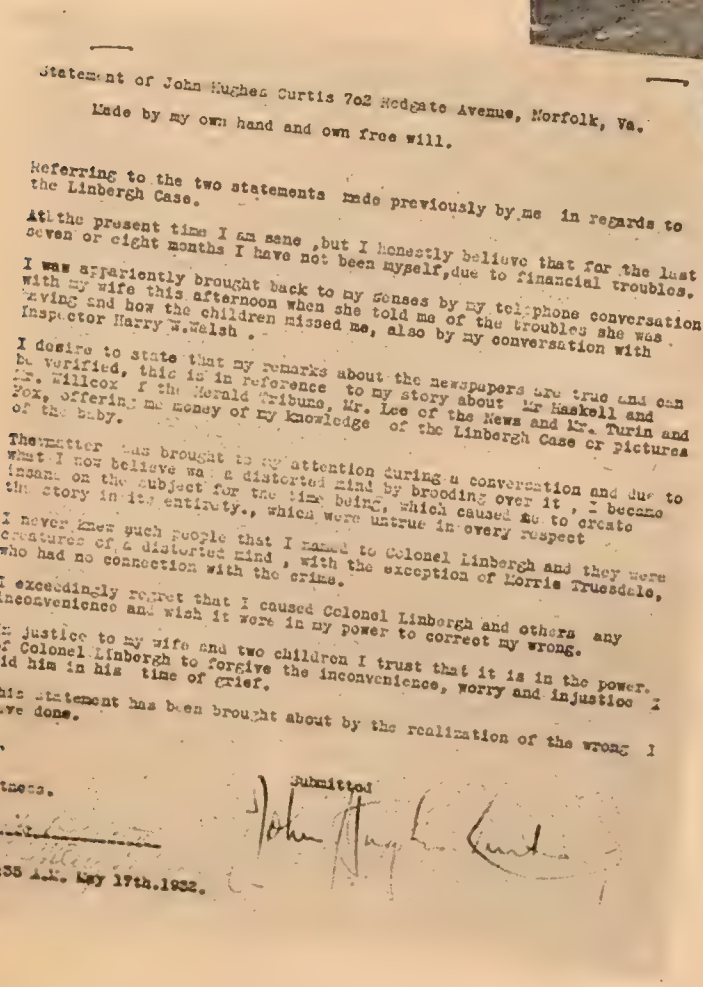
"Lieutenant Jones remarked that it was very natural for them to use a house that had been unoccupied as a blind. Mullins's reply was, 'That's bunk!' I asked him if he expected the people to be there waiting on the porch. I again realized that Mullins's intentions apparently were to disprove everything I said. They did not even check to whom the house belonged.

"From that house we went to the house on the water

front where we had driven to use the wireless set. The same action practically took place there, with Mullins adding that I was simply giving them the run-around, and Jones apparently wanting to make an honest investigation, and using common sense in his remarks.

"They stopped at the fish dock in an endeavor to locate the boat on which I went to board the rum-runner. I completely described her to them and requested that they go down among the piers and look for her. They did go to Schellinger's Wharf, but would not go down among the slips to look for this small boat. 'Hell,' said one of them, 'there's a thousand such boats in Jersey.' Mullins repeated that we were simply wasting time.

The Lindbergh home under guard of the New Jersey State Police, as it was throughout the entire Curtis episode.



Statement of John Hughes Curtis 702 Hedgate Avenue, Norfolk, Va.

Made by my own hand and own free will.

Referring to the two statements made previously by me in regards to the Linbergh Case.

At the present time I am sane ,but I honestly believe that for the last seven or eight months I have not been myself,due to financial troubles.

I was apparently brought back to my senses by my telephone conversation with my wife this afternoon when she told me of the troubles she was having and how the children missed me, also by my conversation with Inspector Harry W.Welsh .

I desire to state that my remarks about the newspapers are true and can be verified, this is in reference to my story about Mr Haskell and Mr. Willcox of the Herald Tribune, Mr. Lee of the News and Mr. Turin and Fox, offering me money of my knowledge of the Linbergh Case or pictures of the baby.

The matter was brought to my attention during a conversation and due to what I now believe was a distorted mind by brooding over it , I became insane on the subject for the time being, which caused me to create the story in its entirety., which were untrue in every respect

I never knew such people that I named to Colonel Linbergh and they were creatures of a distorted mind , with the exception of Lorrie Truesdale, who had no connection with the crime.

I exceedingly regret that I caused Colonel Linbergh and others any inconvenience and wish it were in my power to correct my wrong.

In justice to my wife and two children I trust that it is in the power of Colonel Linbergh to forgive the inconvenience, worry and injustice I did him in his time of grief.

This statement has been brought about by the realization of the wrong I have done.

Witness. Submitted

4:35 A.M. May 17th.1932.

Curtis signed this at "4.35 A. M., May 17, 1932." Mr. Fisher quotes his explanation of how he came to do so.

"It was evidently a settled policy not to believe anything I said. However, I suggested we go to another house in front of which I had picked up Hilda two nights before. This we did; and it was quite a funny coincidence that the house was occupied by a person named Larsen. The Mrs. Larsen that answered the bell was very courteous, but did not know very much about her husband's brothers or sisters. She suggested there were several other families by that name who were fishermen and for us to get in touch with them. She said that on the night that I had been in front of her house she had been out, and that no one was home.

"Jones insisted upon searching the house. I then asked that they check on the other Larsen families; but Mullins could not see it, and Jones said that he would see that it was done the next day. It was never done.

"We then went to get something to eat. Mullins said he was going back to Hopewell and report. There was nothing further I could do, so we started back. We stopped at Jones's headquarters at Morristown, and reached Lindbergh's home about nine at night.

"I immediately tried to get in touch with Schwarzkopf, but was refused an interview. Mullins and Holt went right in and reported to Schwarzkopf, and as I passed the door I heard Mullins say that everything I had said was a damned lie. I went into the bedroom on the first floor, and in a few minutes a trooper came in and sat with me, and a little later Williams and Agnew came in. Agnew informed me that they were prepared now to take another statement. I protested that I still had no notes whatsoever. They insisted, however, and we started on a very lengthy one. Williams was fairly agreeable. Agnew was sarcastic and mean. After bringing the statement up to the time of our arrival in Norfolk with Lindbergh, Williams suggested that they not take any more statements from me at this time.

"MULLINS was ordered to take me to the Hildebrecht Hotel in Trenton. He told me to register under an assumed name, as he did not want the newspapermen to get hold of me. He had been told by Agnew not to let me get out of his sight, and suggested that we sleep together. I told him we would have to have a double room. I promised that I would not run away, and he left me, to meet the next morning in the lobby at seven. This gave me about three hours' rest; but I was so tired and worried that I did not close my eyes.

"On Saturday morning, May 14, immediately after breakfast we went over to the Lindbergh home, where Agnew told me they wanted me to go to Newark in an endeavor to locate the house in which I had made contact with the gang, and also go to the Newark rogues' gallery and look at all the pictures. I went gladly with Detective Cobb and Sergeant Hastings, who seemed very anxious to do their duty. I suggested that we start our trip from the Hudson Manhattan depot and endeavor to trace the route which I took in the automobile with Sam and the others. We went over this route a number of times, and did locate the Scandinavian neighborhood. We did not locate the particular house which I had minutely described. I suggested that we come back at night, as I had been over the route at night.

"We then went to the Newark rogues' gallery. I noticed one man whose description tallied with Nils, except that he was a little shorter. This party was in the asylum at Morrisville for temporary treatment, and it was decided that I would have a look at him later. It was my thought, and I later spoke of it to Major Stuttgart, that

it would be a good thing to broadcast this man's picture, as he was the image of Nils.

"We then proceeded to go over the same route as we had done in the morning. We got back into our same neighborhood; but it was too late to go in and look at any of the houses. Cobb thought it was a good idea to have a house-to-house canvass made. To this I agreed. Apparently Cobb was very much pleased that I was able to take them into the section about which I had spoken, especially as I had never been in that section of Newark before.

"We retired around two thirty, to get up a little before seven. I asked them to permit me to go to the hotel in New York to get my laundry. Both stated they would like to, but it would be worth their jobs. I stated I could not understand this when I was not under arrest. Both laughed. But the next morning, while Hastings was in the shower, I telephoned to a friend to have my laundry brought to Newark. As I had had no changes, you can imagine I felt very dirty at this time.

"We all had a shave and went down to the Newark police station. Cobb went in and was gone almost two hours. I had noticed that the favorite conversation at Lindbergh's home—in fact, everywhere—was whether the press was stepping on Schwarzkopf and his troopers or not. When Cobb returned, he mentioned that the papers had given the state police a good break that morning, and that he personally had received a good break.

"It was practically noon when Cobb returned, and he suggested that we get something to eat. I endeavored at this time to telephone, but was told I could not.

"After stopping by the station and securing my clothes, we went over the same route again, stopped at a number of homes and obtained permission to go in and examine the houses. Cobb stayed in the car and Hastings went with me. It was the opinion of the three of us, especially Cobb, that the neighborhood should be combed.

"They then decided that would be enough searching for that day, and we drove out to the asylum where I was to see the man that resembled Nils. Due to the resemblance, I picked him out immediately from among fourteen men, although he was freshly dressed, hair cut, and shaved. They then drove me to the Morristown State Troopers' office, and I waited in the back room for some time and then was taken back to Hopewell.

"I was questioned a couple of times that evening, and about 2.30 A. M. was sent over to the hotel at Trenton to rest, with instructions to return at seven. The sergeant taking me over—I do not recall his name—said he had been instructed by Agnew to see that I did not use the telephone, get in touch with the press, and he was to sleep with me. He asked how Mullins had arranged things. I told him, and he stated he would take a chance also. I rested, which was all I could possibly do, being nervous and tired, and was ready for him the next morning.

"AS soon as I returned I again endeavored to get in touch with Lindbergh and Schwarzkopf—this was Monday morning, May 16--but without avail. I wandered around the front of the house where Lindbergh's automobile was parked. I sat there the balance of the morning by myself and part of the afternoon and was not asked in to eat. It was while I was out there in the yard that I heard they were planning to arrest me.

"I again asked to see Lindbergh, and in a few minutes he came out. I immediately asked: 'Axel, what is all this about my being arrested for "obstructing justice"?' He replied: 'I do not know anything about it, but will go in at once and check on it. I do know that the number you stated you called in Freeport, Long Island, did not check up.' I asked, 'What number?' He said, '5630.' I stated that I did not say '5630'; I said '5640.'

"'As I told you first,' I said, 'they should give me an opportunity of consulting my notes. You know that I have been up night and day for practically the last ten days, and I cannot recall these numbers as readily as if I was rested.'

"Lindbergh then went in to check on our conversation. He never came back. I began to feel that I needed a lawyer, and wandered into the garage, requesting permission to telephone New York. This was refused. I went back in the yard and again sat on the running board of Lindbergh's automobile. At this time Mrs. Dwight Morrow and Mrs. Lindbergh came by from a walk. Mrs. Morrow came up and introduced herself. I had, of course, met Mrs. Lindbergh, and she spoke graciously.

"Mrs. Morrow stated that we had very dear mutual friends among the naval people in Norfolk, and that they had spoken so highly of my wife and myself to her. I told her that we were indeed very friendly with the people she knew. Mrs. Lindbergh passed the pleasantries of the day, and both ladies went into the house.

"Not having had any luncheon and being very tired, although uninvited, I went into the garage and ate with the troopers. Detectives were coming in and out all the time talking about what the press was saying about them. Some of the troopers were not unkind to me.

"They were particularly sore at Colonel Lindbergh for wanting to run the investigation himself. 'We should be at headquarters and not in this Godforsaken hole,' said one of them."

WHAT impressed Curtis most was the way everybody seemed suddenly to be shining up to him. Finally, he said, officers came to him with soft words; talked to him tearfully of his sick wife and his small children; whispered that if he would sign a paper they could show to Colonel Lindbergh, he would be on his way home inside an hour.

"What kind of paper?"

"Oh, just say that you never did have any contacts with those people."

"But that wouldn't be true! I did. And besides, it would ruin me."

"How can it ruin you if it isn't published? We guarantee that it won't be published. Nobody will know about it. It's your only way out. If you don't do it you *will* be ruined, and you'll spend plenty years in jail, too."

John Curtis thought of his wife and children. He thought of his financial affairs. His wife, the one time he had been allowed to telephone her, had begged him to come home to attend to them. He might still rescue them from chaos.

Then the break came.

Promising absolute secrecy and protection of his good name, promising immediate freedom and return to his home and family, they got the poor bedraggled wreck of what was once John Hughes Curtis to a typewriter, and stood over him while he wrote and signed whatever he thought would satisfy them and gain his release.

"But before starting," Curtis said, "I again turned to them and asked: 'Do I understand that I am to be free after this, and that it is not to be published?' I was assured by —— and —— that I could depend upon that. With this assurance, I sat down and wrote the supposed confession. I handed it to ——, saying:

"'There it is. It's a lie, but if it will serve your purpose and get me free, I am glad to give it to you.'"

Of course you may say John Curtis shouldn't have confessed under any circumstances to something that was not so; but there have been precedents for so doing that the world has forgiven. To secure medical attention for his daughter, one of the greatest men of modern times, Louis Pasteur, is supposed to have signed a paper in which he said that his discoveries, which he knew were of inestimable value to mankind, were worthless.

So is it to be wondered at that—to get back to his sick wife and two small children, to save his fast disintegrating business from utter ruin--John Hughes Curtis, exhausted by weeks of unremitting fatigue, nerve-ragged from lack of sleep, tormented by fear of accusation and imprisonment, signed his confession?

I realize, however, that the sympathy of many a stern adherent to the cause of abstract truth will leave him at this point. I realize, too, that many who have believed the tale he has been telling up to now will conclude, "Probably the confession is true and all the rest is a lie."

All I can say is that Curtis, in telling me this weakest part of his whole story, knew well he was open to misunderstanding and disbelief. But he did not flinch. He told me the story as I have told it to you, and left me to form my own conclusions.

The reader will form his or her own conclusions, too. It is not for me to try to influence them. But, as a lawyer, I think I should point out that almost every day in the year some poor wretch's alleged confession, obtained by the police under similar circumstances, is thrown out by the courts as of no value whatsoever.

But to get back to Curtis's own story:

It was ten o'clock in the evening when they began to work on him for a confession. It was four thirty-five in the morning when he signed the last statement.

After the first one, which they made him write out, he didn't even read what they handed him. What was the use?

"By that time," he said, "I think I would have signed anything, just to get a little sleep."

Exhausted, he dropped on the couch.

"Of course I didn't sleep," he continued, "and was up early the next morning. I went out in the yard with the guard. In a little while —— and —— came out and suggested that I walk with them down to the guardhouse at the entrance to the Lindbergh lane. We talked about my supposed confession, and I stated that I regretted that I had signed it—not only because if it was ever published I would be a ruined man, but because I hated to do it since it wasn't true.

"One replied, 'What in hell do you care if they do publish it? It will be forgotten within six months, and you will leave here before I will get back from my conference in Trenton?'

"'This is such a hellhole,' I replied, 'that I would have signed anything to get away.'

"WE walked back, and a trooper came out and stayed with me in the yard, and said that he had been detailed to guard me. No one said a word to me the entire day. I was not invited in for a meal. In the afternoon I had some orange juice that the guard got for me, and ate supper with him in the garage. Several times during the day I sent in requests to speak either to Lindbergh or Schwarzkopf, but they were refused."

His guards—sometimes one, sometimes two—stuck more closely than ever.

Through the windows he could see Lindbergh, Schwarzkopf, and the others conferring. Prosecutor Hauck of Hunterdon County was with them now.

At one o'clock the next morning, Wednesday, the 18th of May, Captain Agnew stuck his head into the empty ground-floor bedroom where Curtis had been permitted to go when night fell, and ordered him to come into the dining room—but not to dinner.

Nothing, he said, that he had suffered up to this time was comparable to the indignities to which he was now forced to submit. Armed with the alleged "voluntary" confession, on which they could at any time arrest and jail him, they lost whatever restraint they may have shown in the previous grillings. Curtis was now by his own admission a guilty party, and they began to fire questions at him from every side.

"The grilling that I went through," he said, "was terrible. It was led by Agnew. Oaths were in order, it seems. At one time they would make out they believed the confession; at another time they would doubt it. They seemed to think that I was still withholding information. It was a terrible ordeal.

"Just at dawn," Curtis continued, "when I was reeling with nausea and fatigue, Agnew strode dramatically to the center of the room and threw down on the table a copy of the New York Daily News. On the front page was a picture of myself, my wife, and my children, and the text of the supposed confession.

"'Now, —— ——you,' he shouted, 'you're ruined for life!'"

Then, said Curtis, they put him in the cellar with the dead baby's clothes.

Don't miss Curtis's story of that experience, which ended when he was taken to the Flemington jail, or Mr. Fisher's own account of the incidents that led up to Curtis's trial! They will be found in Liberty next week.

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by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

NOEL COWARD arrived at midnight, found his dinner still hot and ready, started talking while he tucked into it, kept on talking until breakfast. . . . Clark Gable disappointed the native Indians because they had expected, for some mysterious reason, to find in him a venerable prophet with a long white beard.

These recollections come to me from Mrs. Joanna Bates, North American hostess extraordinary in South America. Born in New York State, she is the daughter of a Yankee mining engineer who made his mark in Peru; the widow of another Yankee engineer who did the same. Her home, known as the Quinta Bates, at Aréquipa is famous now all over the world for its hospitality. So is she. Probably she has entertained as many real celebrities as has any hostess on the two American continents. Seasoned travelers call her Tia Bates. *Tia* is the Spanish word for aunt.

MRS. JOANNA BATES

Mrs. Bates has so many godchildren she doesn't know what to do. All the young married couples of Aréquipa ask her to be their children's godmother. She consents. Then they camp on her doorstep, demanding that she judge and settle their lovers' quarrels. She returns to the States for a few months every year or so, just to give herself a vacation from her godchildren. Here is her recipe for a favorite Peruvian salad:

On a plate arrange quarters of hard-boiled eggs, hot potatoes boiled in their skins and peeled; decorate with black ripe olives. Over this combination pour a sauce, made as follows: Roast 8 small chili peppers, seed, peel, and wash them; then pound to pulp with 1 roasted onion, the crumbs of 5 crushed crackers, a little salt, enough olive oil to bring to mayonnaise consistency.

● Three young men are paying serious court to a girl of my acquaintance who knows she isn't pretty. She's a grand girl in other ways, and I think you will admire her courage when I tell you what she has done. She asked her prettiest college classmate, a raving beauty, to stay all summer with her. "Any man who falls hard for the good-lookers," she says, "would be no man for me to marry. So I'm testing my men as thoroughly as possible before I decide between them."

● Driving along the Hudson, I stopped at Irvington to see the Rose d'Or beauty farm. That's where a lot of society matrons and stage stars go when they need to remove excess poundage. They live on rusks, liquids, and little sticks made of artichoke flour. They get thin if they behave, but some of them eat rich food on the sly. I saw one large lady taking a walk with a *guard* beside her to keep her from cheating.

Interesting, I thought, was the new *honey facial* given to counteract that skull-and-bones appearance which often follows strenuous dieting.

● Some Hollywood intellectuals were explaining Communism to Lupe Velez, who listened without a word until they told her she might not be permitted to keep all her jewels and furs and limousines in Russia because the Communists there believe in dividing things up. "Hey, you mean dey take away *my* t'ings?" asked Lupe, shocked by the thought. "My *own* t'ings? *Mine?*" Well, yes, she was told; in Russia the government might confiscate part of her property if she had more than her share.

Lupe narrowed her dark eyes. After a long, contemplative pause she said in a far-away voice:

"W'at's de name of de head man?"

● Letter from a wife in a dilemma. She writes:

A woman friend has a standing invitation to visit me, and is coming soon. Although my husband doesn't like her any too well, he has agreed not to mind for a couple of weeks, but he says that will have to be enough. Unfortunately she is one of those people who stay on and on. Fond as I am of her, I get tired of it myself, to tell the truth, when she overstays. We really can't afford to have her here longer than two weeks, yet how can I possibly let her know without hurting her feelings?

Easy as pie. See to it (accidentally on purpose) that she reads every word on this page.

● To home planners I recommend the 1936 Book of Small Houses, compiled by the editors of the Architectural Forum. (Published by Simon & Schuster.)

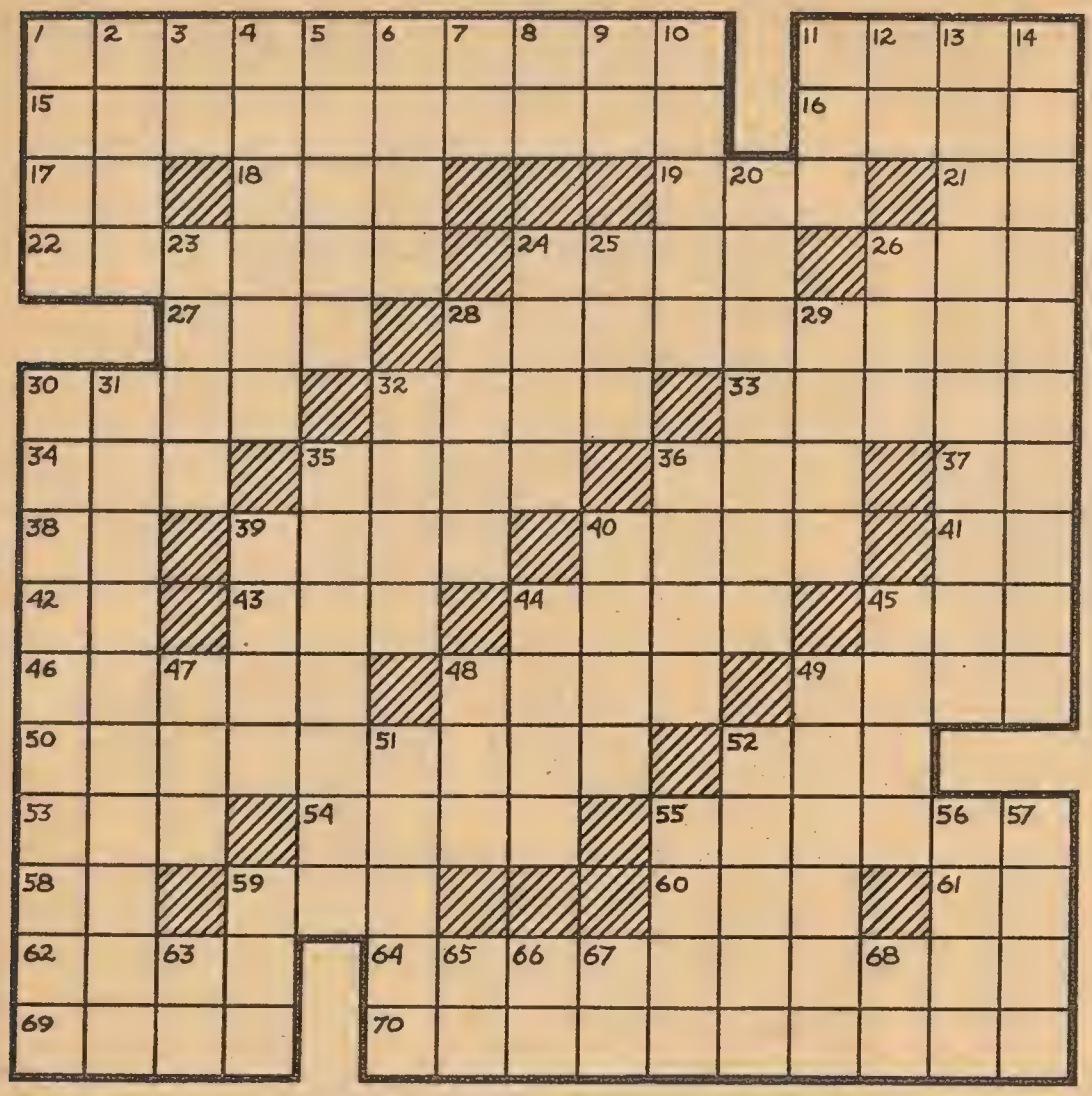
● A touch of red leather will brighten our new autumn ensembles.

We'll wear red leather clips, heart-shaped belt buckles of red leather, and bar pins with red leather charms dangling down. According to an old superstition, red leather is lucky. Oriental women used to tie strips of hide from a red bull around their wrists or ankles to insure good health and fortune. That was the original custom, but red bulls were not always available, so after a while any leather dyed red was substituted.

Let's hope that our use of it this year will bring us plenty of luck.

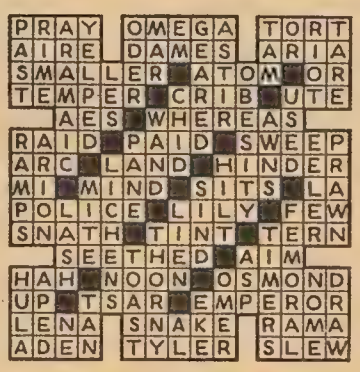
Cockeyed Crosswords

By TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

1 They fly through the air with the greatest of ease
11 Society for the Prevention of Assault of Crooners (abbr.)
15 Biggest show-off in the world
16 He and Mica look alica, only he sounds cheap
17 The sulking Democrat
18 The original Clyde Beatty (abbr.)
19 Morsel of the world's age
21 Courteous Policemen (oh, yeah?) (abbr.)
22 When lovely lady confuses hearts with diamonds this is what she does
24 Phony cow fat
26 The, as in polloi
27 You can begin to count with this
28 One who looks within
30 Kind of living Sally Rand makes
32 They have buffalo heads, hoss tails, and are manely ussca
33 The actor with the affectionate last name
34 Nose paint
35 Workingmen
36 To belabor with the hand of love, then apply the lips, as in a coupé at night
37 Overground
38 It introduced the first comparison
39 Implement used in playing footie
40 Colt carrier
41 Cry of the wounded pushcarteer
42 What she bid with even distribution (abbr.)
43 He's got a lump where his head ought to be
44 Fiddlesticks!
45 Both nasalizers and the hisser
46 They cause F. J.—Faucet Jitters
48 Swells you find around the Atlantic & Pacific
49 This is none too good for this kid
50 Floating menace to innocent woiking goils



Answer to last week's puzzle

52 Smarten up the kid
53 An entertaining station of Chicago life
54 What Scotchmen pour out for spirit
55 He doesn't give a darn about lots of women
58 The last two things Henry VIII wrote after his name
59 I (Latin)
60 Cockeyed Lady Zebras (abbr.)
61 Boar's innards
62 The hair on the carpets (plural)
64 A nutty subject
69 Means-justifiers
70 Italopians (they've been defeated and forgiven)

VERTICAL

1 The most popular parking place
2 Well known supporter of Lincolns
3 Department of Petting (abbr.)
4 Pain paint
5 Was his face red when they took away his lands!
6 What the lonely sorrow drowner does up at eve
7 Short right, even for Schmeling
8 The oft-puzzled sloth
9 The guy who's next to Miss.
10 This sours the puss
11 Where to go to dunk your troubles away
12 The confused type
13 Unless you hug and squeeze them right you'll get nothing but squawks from them
14 He'll do anything in the world for the poor—except get off their necks
20 No wonder they're always up in the air—their business is all overhead
23 Standard
24 The vets get the bonus, the taxpayers this
25 Short lieuts
26 Little wonder she squawks —everything she lays is cracked
28 The gloomiest man in Xwords
29 What politicians get by passing the buck
30 The wettest yet most spirited battle of the Revolutionary War
31 The man from down under
32 A stupored boob, that is, a barm
35 To dry-clean the inner man
36 Dog's dogs
39 Last year he was fresh; this year he merely knows everything
40 To rejoice in the lower register
44 Navy cooks sure use the old this
45 Food card
47 School for Mails (abbr.)
48 Scotland's even made this smaller!
49 Long live the emperor!
51 This is on the up and up
52 Black yarn manufactured by Dumas
55 This gives as good as it receives
56 What farmers cut at night
57 The Tsar of Hollywood
59 Them's fightin' words among the floaters (abbr.)
63 Produced dough (abbr.)
65 Bird's dining room (abbr.)
66 First beginnings of rival universities
67 Califunny Idealists (abbr.)
68 Baby "Thanks!"

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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godiva WAS A LADY

by LAWRENCE SAUNDERS

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READING TIME

28 MINUTES 36 SECONDS

THE very sedate professor Stephen Joel Frost finds himself in a pretty mess of scandal after kidnaping Betsy Bliss, a fan dancer, from a roadhouse just before the state police swoop down in a raid, and taking her safely across the state line to her home in New York City. When he returns to the college in Connecticut the next day, he learns that he is charged with obstructing an officer and driving while intoxicated. Newspaper headlines and wagging tongues add to his dilemma.

Resigned to his fate, after attempts by friends to fix the case out of court fail because of the political strength of the local Purity League and its head, Mrs. Harkrider, who engineered the raid, Stephen tries to vindicate himself in the eyes of Stella King, daughter of a member of the faculty. But Stella, partially aroused by jealousy, stages a fan dance privately for Stephen in her home. When he reprimands her, she slaps him. Enraged, Stephen leaves and returns to his room, where he writes two letters: one to Stella, and the other to the board of regents—his resignation.

Meanwhile Betsy (who really is Susan Bayliss and is privately studying for the stage, according to her own admissions to Stephen) is taking advantage of the publicity. Stephen realizes this when, on the way to the hearing in Bradboro with his friend Roderick Ames, he sees her posing for the cameras in front of the courthouse.

PART THREE—THE LUCKIEST FOOL IN CONNECTICUT

STEPHEN was swearing under his breath as he followed Rod Ames, who doubled back a block to avoid the cameramen, circled the Bradboro town hall, and entered it by a rear door on an alleyway. Professor Ames had been here before; he traversed the corridor lined with offices to one marked TOWN PROSECUTOR and J. ARCHBOLD FISK.

Mr. Fisk shook hands with the prisoner, as befitted a New Harbor graduate meeting a New Harbor instructor.

"You'd better wait in the judge's office," said Fisk. "I can keep the press out of there."

He led them across the hall to a private office, and went out, locking the door.

Stephen sat in a colonial armchair; Ames peered out the window. "Who was the dame with the violets stealing your publicity, I wonder."

Dr. Frost's jaw set. "She's welcome to the publicity. That was Betsy Bliss."

Ames laughed until he almost whooped. "Steve!" he gasped. "Never you mind. You bled and died in a noble cause—and most noble causes turn out phony. Look at the World War. Look at prohibition." Then he became serious. "She just couldn't miss the chance to get her picture in the papers. Well, by Godfrey, you ought to be let off now. I'll go talk to Dr. King, if he's arrived."

He rapped on the ground-glass panel of the anteroom door. The judge's secretary, a brisk young man with spectacles, unlocked it. "Mr. Fisk said not to let you out or any one in until the judge got here," he said. "I'll ask him—"

Ames said: "Then will you find Dr. Westbrook King and tell him where we are, please?"

"Here's the judge now," said the secretary.

His Honor came in, a small brisk elderly gentleman with a Yankee countenance. Fisk was with him.

"Bring in that constable," he instructed the secretary while he was hanging up his topcoat.

"You're lying and you know it!" Mrs Harkrider blazed at Betsy Bliss.

Constable John Driscoll came in, cap in hand. He wouldn't look at Stephen.

The prosecutor asked: "Is either of these gentlemen the man who carried the girl out of the Golden Arrow Inn last Saturday night and drove away with her?"

Driscoll looked at Ames, then at Frost, unhappily. He shook his head. "He had a beard like this one, but he was taller and thinner. Your Honor, I didn't get a real good look at this 'doctor.' When he come out on the back porch carryin' her, she had those big fans and they hid his face. Then it all happened so fast—"

"Then you couldn't identify this gentleman on the stand?" the judge asked.

No, Driscoll said, he couldn't.

"Thank you, Driscoll. That will be all. Mr. Fisk, will you bring in the young woman?"

Two or three endless minutes elapsed. There was a noisy argument in the hall. A door slammed. Then the anteroom door opened, admitted Miss Bliss, her lawyer, Mr. A. Greenblatt, Mrs. Harkrider, and Fisk.

The president of the Purity League of New Harbor was breathing hard. "You can keep the reporters out," she snapped at Fisk, "but not me. What's going on here?" She glared all around, and particularly at Stephen. "I have a right to know."

"Madam," said Judge Hatch evenly, "you have no right whatever. This is my private office. But I am glad to give you the privilege."

She sat down. Miss Bliss had not looked at Stephen; Mr. Greenblatt did not appear to recognize him. The judge spoke:

"You are Betsy Bliss, the defendant?"

She said, "Yes, your Honor," in a young, clear voice.

"Miss Bliss, you were taken out of the Golden Arrow Inn on Saturday night by a man who represented himself to be a 'doctor.' Is that right?"

"Yes, sir," said Betsy, looking him in the eye. "He told me he was a chiropractor from Brooklyn. He didn't tell me his name, for perfectly obvious reasons."

Mrs. Harkrider emitted a snort. The judge looked over his eyeglasses at her.

"Miss Bliss, you have probably seen allusions in the newspapers to this 'doctor' as being in reality, or so it is rumored, a member of the faculty of New Harbor University. One of those two gentlemen"—he indicated Ames and Frost at the end of the semicircle of those standing—"has been charged with obstructing officers in abducting you from the inn, and also with driving while

A NEW, SWIFT CHAPTER OF
LAUGHS AND SURPRISES IN
THE YEAR'S MOST BUOYANT
NOVEL . . . DON'T MISS IT!

intoxicated. Those are serious charges. Was either of those two men the person who rescued you?"

Her limpid gaze rested first on Ames and then on Stephen without a flicker of recognition. "He had a beard like the gentleman on the right. That must have been how the mistake occurred."

The judge's jaw muscles worked oddly. "You haven't answered my question. Can you identify either of these gentlemen as your rescuer, the supposed doctor?"

"No, your Honor, I can't."

"You're lying, and you know it!" Mrs. Harkrider blazed at Betsy.

Miss Bliss regarded her as though she were some sort of biological specimen; then she replied to the judge: "I couldn't be positive."

"You rode all the way to New York with him, didn't you?" Mrs. Harkrider snapped. "And you wouldn't know him when you saw him?"

The judge started to reprove her, decided against it. "Why not?" he asked Betsy.

"Because I only saw him for a minute while he was carrying me through the kitchen. As soon as we ditched —got away from the motorcycle officer, he made me get into the rumble-seat compartment and shut the lid. I had on only a white-silk robe, my sandals, and a wig, and we decided some policeman might stop us. When he let me out at my house in New York, he drove right off. I didn't even have a chance to thank him."

"That would be your statement on the stand, under oath?"

"Yes, your Honor," said Miss Bliss without a trace of hesitation, nervousness, or guilt in her voice. She turned to Stephen. "Will you say something, please?"

Stephen swallowed, stammered: "What do you want me to say?"

"Say: 'When I first saw those birds I knew they were cops. I was brought up on the East Side and I can always tell a plain-clothes dick when I see him.'"

Stephen repeated almost her exact words.

She shook her head. "The voice isn't the same at all. This gentleman hasn't a New York accent. And I've made a special study of American speech training myself to be an actress."

Mrs. Harkrider snorted audibly. "You've made a special study of lying, too!" She swept them all with her scorn. "Every one of you knows it was Stephen Frost. What sort of tomfoolery is this?"

"Madam," said Judge Hatch, still without passion, "you are in the judge's chambers. I will have to ask you to be quiet, or exclude you from this hearing until I want your testimony. Have you any other eyewitness, Mr. Fisk?" Fisk said he hadn't. "Then," said the judge, "I will ask Mrs. Harkrider to present her evidence."

SHE said, biting off her words: "Stephen Frost was at the Golden Arrow Inn just before this happened. I saw him. I sent a waiter to fetch him. He was impudent to me. He was drunk—"

"Just a minute," the judge interrupted. "Young woman, was the man who rescued you drunk?"

"Certainly not," said Miss Bliss indignantly. "I can swear on a stack of Bibles that he was not intoxicated."

Mrs. Harkrider sneered: "You didn't even smell liquor on his breath?"

Miss Bliss replied with dignity: "I do not go around the country smelling gentlemen's breaths, madam."

"Go on, Mrs. Harkrider," the judge said in a slightly choked voice.

"I warned Stephen Frost that we were going to arrest these people, and I told him if he didn't leave instantly I'd have him summonsed to court as a witness to this lascivious and immoral—"

Ames cut in: "How do you know he didn't leave?"

"He defied me. He left, all right, but he left with this girl—and you know it. All of you know it!" She was spraying venom at them like a spitting cobra.

"Madam," said the judge, "I am not accustomed to being called a liar in my own chambers. You are a trifle overzealous—out of the noblest of motives, I am sure. But I, for one, do not know that Dr. Frost helped this young woman to escape. Surmises and hearsay do not constitute legal evidence."

She addressed her reply to Stephen: "Stephen Frost, I knew your father and I knew your dear mother, and I know they brought you up to fear God and tell the truth. Now tell it. Didn't you—"

Ames interrupted: "Dr. Frost is pleading not guilty. He cannot be forced to testify against himself. Am I right, Judge Hatch?"

THE judge nodded. He said dryly: "The burden of proof is upon the state. So far, no witness has been produced who is prepared to swear that it was Dr. Frost—"

Mrs. Harkrider interrupted. "There was a colored man in the kitchen who saw him carry her out."

The judge asked Fisk: "Can you produce that man?"

Fisk said: "We can't find him, your Honor," as though he were deeply chagrined.

"Of course not!" Mrs. Harkrider snapped. "You fooled around until those gangsters got him out of the way. If you call this justice—"

"Madam," said the judge, "I will be the judge of that. I cannot see that you have any case against Dr. Frost, Mr. Fisk."

"Apparently not," Fisk admitted as though he were both ashamed and deeply disappointed.

"Then," said the judge, "I shall ask Dr. Frost to remain in this room until the conclusion of the cases against the defendants Bliss and"—he glanced at the docket—"Michel Sonora and others." He rose.

Mrs. Harkrider burned Stephen with a long look, snorted, turned, made for the door, yanked at the knob. Fisk unlocked it. She slammed it behind her.

A heavy-jowled individual opened the door at the end of the room. "Three minutes past, your Honor," he said as he came in. The judge said: "Go ahead. You two will stay in here, please." This to Stephen and Ames.

The bailiff ushered the judge into the courtroom. The others went out through the anteroom.

Ames heaved a sigh like a shot-putter. Stephen, puzzled, said: "What does this mean?"

"It means," said Ames, "that a New Harbor man is a New Harbor man until he dies—thank God!" He walked to the window, whistling under his breath. Then he turned, grinning. "Steve, I'm damned if I blame you. That's a gal! Godiva is a lady, after all. At least, she talks like a lady and lies like a lady."

Stephen flushed. "She shouldn't have committed perjury for me, Rod. That's serious."

Ames said: "The way Fisk handled this was pretty slick." He lowered his voice. "Of course the judge wasn't fooled for a minute. I suppose they made a deal with her to come up and take the rap, and she did it to save your neck and face. You're lucky! Not many women would do that."

They had to sit there, or walk around, for a mortal hour and ten minutes. Frequently they heard bursts of laughter in the courtroom.

Finally, at twenty-two minutes past eleven, the bailiff came in, ponderously important. "His Honor says you can go," he announced sourly. "You're free."

"But—what happened to Miss Bliss?" Stephen asked.

"Hundred dollars and costs. The fellow that manages the roadhouse got five hundred dollars. The judge let the chorus kids go with a lecture."

Ames looked at Stephen. "We'd better scram before the reporters waylay you."

Grabbing their hats and coats, they scurried for the rear entrance and made for Ames's car.

Stephen had nothing to say all the way back to the outskirts of New Harbor. Then Ames proposed: "Buy you a drink, Don Quixote. What are you looking so down about? You're the luckiest fool in Connecticut."

"I have to see the dean now. Better not have liquor on my breath."

"Now don't go in to Benson and tell all," Ames admonished him. "Tell the truth, of course, but wait until he asks you."

Stephen nodded. Ames let him out at the old Administration Building.

"How'd you come out in court?" the dean asked. Stephen told him briefly. The dean tapped his knuckles with a silver pencil. Stephen went on: "As to what I did, I have no excuse to offer—"

"I haven't asked for any excuses," said the dean. "Dr. King saw me last night. He told me the whole story, including the fact that this fan dancer was reading Fowler and you mistook her for a Phi Beta Kappa. She means nothing to you? You never saw her before Saturday?"

Stephen shook his head to both questions. "Well, we'll consider that ended and forgotten, unless some busybody brings it to the attention of the regents. Now, about your state of mind, Frost. I'm relieving you from class work beginning today. I wish you'd go down to the hospital today or tomorrow and see Dr. MacLaren. If he'll give you a certificate I can grant you sick leave, with pay, until February. Then I want you to promise me to go away for a complete change and rest. One of those West Indies cruises or Bermuda; somewhere you can loaf and relax."

"But why, sir?" Stephen demanded, astonished. "I mean—I don't need a sick leave. I'm perfectly all right."

The dean turned to his desk, picked up a letter, handed it to Stephen. It read:

My dear Stella:

You were enticing, alluring, provocative, and seductive. Now are you satisfied?

I am submitting my resignation to the board of regents tonight. I want to beat them to the gun. If they choose to reject it, O. K., but I really can't be bothered. I'm fed up with cramming the king's English down the throats of underclassmen. It might be more exciting to be one of the unemployed.

Faithfully,
STEPHEN.

"Where did you get that?" Stephen stammered, in an agony of embarrassment.

"You sent it," said the dean dryly, "to the secretary of the board of regents by special delivery. You wrote it, didn't you?"

"Yes," Stephen admitted miserably. "I must have put the letters in the wrong envelopes."

"Now," said the dean, "tell me honestly: do you really feel this way about cramming English down the throats of young idiots?"

"I did when I wrote it. I have, from time to time in the past year. I'm not in a very—judicial state of mind at the moment, sir."

The dean's tone became kinder: "Now clear out of New Harbor—forget about it. Come back in February, or let me know how you feel about teaching. Now, how are you fixed for money?"

STEPHEN, still dumfounded, said he had about ten thousand dollars in bonds and good stocks from his father's estate and the Frost house.

"I was married on a much smaller margin than that," said the dean. "With that much, you needn't wait until you're an assistant professor. A proper kind of wife would be a great help to you, Stephen. I don't mean merely to keep the fan dancers out of your hair. A girl with brains, breeding, and beauty can help a man in any profession; and teaching is no exception. If you have any such young woman in mind, you'd be wise to marry her." He clapped Stephen's shoulder paternally, shook his hand, said: "Good luck—and don't worry about anything. Rest!"

It was dark when Stephen got back to Dutton. In his mailbox was a special-delivery from Stella. He opened it in his study. In it was his letter of resignation, addressed to the regents, with this note, in her characterful etched script, across the bottom of the page:

This is dramatic but lacks passion. I'd lay it aside for a while; you can do better next time. I had a lovely time at the trial, but I didn't see you and can't get anything out of the learned Dr. King about what happened backstage. How-

She blew him a kiss in the mirror, made a face at him.

ever, you're going to Junior Assembly with me Friday night, and only a doctor's certificate will get you out of it. Keep your chin up and laugh it off—and do come tell me what happened. *A toujours.* S. K. (Silly Kid, isn't she?)

He found a porter in the basement to bring up his wardrobe trunk and his bags. As he passed the desk coming back, he saw a letter in his box. Evidently it had come by messenger—no stamp, plain envelope. He opened it in his study. The note was in pencil on a page torn from a scratch-pad:

In Court, 10:30 A. M.

Dear Stephen:

Next time you're in New York I'd like to try to thank you. Wire me care Joe Rorty, Broadway and Forty-eighth, when you're coming, and I'll wire where I'll be.

Hastily and gratefully,

SUSIE.

After the trunk and bags had been brought in, Stephen, walking on air, went downtown to wire Miss Betsy Bliss, in care of Rorty, that he'd be in New York tomorrow afternoon; please advise if convenient to see him and where; signed it "Steve."

Back in his rooms, he sat up before the fire until three o'clock in the morning, reading over the drawerful of manuscripts of short stories that had been rejected by all the better magazines, some essays that hadn't jelled—though he'd had several printed in the high-brow reviews—an outline of a novel, and a scenario of a play with no third act.

"The trouble with all this," he decided, "is that it lacks experience. I live in an unreal world. My stuff smells of the student's lamp instead of humanity." But he consigned only a few of the manuscripts—the very early ones—to the flames. There were ideas in the rest that experience might develop into salable stuff.

He slept luxuriously until ten o'clock, went out to breakfast. He telephoned Rorty's office in New York. Mr. Rorty, a male voice said, was not in yet; might be in before noon, might not. Any message? No, thank you.

Through one of those hazy golden autumn afternoons, when Manhattan is at its loveliest—unless it be in spring—Stephen walked from Grand Central Station to Broadway and Forty-eighth Street humming a little tune and regarding even policemen with a kindly and appreciative eye.

Rorty shared an office, a telephone, and a brass spittoon with an agent named Maurice Stein. Mr. Stein didn't know when Mr. Rorty'd be in; he was all over the place these last two days.

"Where," Stephen asked, "should I look first for Betsy Bliss? Do you know her?"

Stein gaped at him. "Who in hell don't, the way she's been hoggin' the front page? You want to see her?"

"She wrote me to come in. It's personal."

"O. K., doc. Try the Babylon Club. Two blocks down, on the left. She might be rehearsin' there. Or, if she ain't, she's livin' at the Park Towers Hotel."

The blonde in the office at the Babylon Club, whom the porter consulted, said curtly: "Miss Bliss is not rehearsing this afternoon."

The sleek clerk at the Park Towers said: "Suite 2642. You can go up."

THE parlor of the suite, whose door stood ajar, was an affront to the eye, ear, and nostril, what with the shouts of two nasal voices into two telephones, the clackety-clack of two typewriters at which men with their hats on were perspiring, the newspapers strewn on a marquetry table, on the floor, and stuffed into wastebaskets, the reek of stale cigarette smoke, and the unholy blend of perfumes from the dozen chorus-girl types sitting, standing, and leaning around the walls.

No one asked Stephen what he wanted. He went up, finally, to a girl who was clipping newspapers at a table, and asked whether Miss Bliss was in. The girl didn't even look up.

"She's busy. You a press agent?"

"No. Miss Bliss asked me to come to see her. Will you tell her Steve is here?"

She looked at him wearily, got up, rapped at a door. It was opened a crack. She parleyed with a man for a moment. He looked out at Stephen, then came out. Joe Rorty. He didn't appear pleased.

"Listen, doc," he said, low. "She can't see anybody now. She's dressin' to go out. She's tryin' out guys for her press agent; she's talkin' to one now while she's dressin'. She wants to see you, but not now."

Fortunately, at that minute the bedroom door opened and Miss Bliss herself ushered out a somewhat shabby fellow. She saw Stephen, gasped, pushed aside the man, who was still talking, grabbed Stephen's hand, pulled him in, shut the door, threw her arms around his neck, kissed him warmly once and again.

"Got lipstick in your beard," she teased shyly. "Why didn't you wire me you were coming?"

"I wired you yesterday evening."

She said: "Give me your handkerchief. Did you wire me in care of Joe Rorty?"

He nodded, got out the handkerchief.

She opened the door, called out: "Joe, come in here!"

SHE was scrubbing lipstick off Stephen's chin when Rorty came in, frowning. Stephen felt even more foolish.

"Did you get a wire from Dr. Frost that he was coming?" Her tone was grimly accusing.

Rorty said: "How do I know, in this madhouse?" He felt through his pockets, brought out handfuls of envelopes, memoranda. "It must be around in this mess somewhere, if I got it. Listen, Bet; we gotta get going. See Dr. Frost later."

She handed the handkerchief back to Stephen, pouting prettily. "I'm sorry. It's big business. You wait and ride down in the cab with me." She had on a becoming new blue suit of rough wool and her blonde street wig.

They went out. In the cab, Betsy found Stephen's right hand, squeezed his fingers in her gloved fist. "I don't know whether I'm on my head or my feet since Saturday night," she said, "but one thing has been on my mind: What did the university do to you? They didn't fire you?"

"Thanks to you, no. They offered me a leave of absence. The dean thinks I was overworked."

"Oh, Stephen, how swell! Then you can come to New York and finish your book. I need advice about so many things that Joe doesn't know anything about!"

The taxi ride was over almost before it had started. Getting out of the cab, Stephen remembered the wig, pulled it out, apologized. "The fans are still in New Harbor, but I'll send them to you."

"Oh, don't bother. I have new ones, and those were shedding. Keep them for a souvenir, if you want to, Stephen. Cross them over the head of your bed to remind you to be true to me." She kissed him, hugged him, said: "You'll have to wipe off your own chin. G'by, darling!"

Stephen took a taxi down to his publishers' office.

Maxwell, the editor, heard his proposal to try free-lance writing with poker-faced politeness. "How much money have you to go on?" he asked.

Stephen told him.

"That's good. But I can't encourage any one to try free-lancing at a time like this. Edit your Americanisms book. Then why not buy yourself a steamer ticket, and make up your mind when you come back? Your dean's advice sounds like horse sense to me."

Stephen had carefully omitted to say anything about the Betsy Bliss episode, and Maxwell, if he had read about it, evidently hadn't connected him with it.

Still undecided, Stephen caught the five thirty-five to New Harbor, ate downtown, called up the Kings from the restaurant. Stella answered the telephone.

"It's about time you reported," she said casually. "Father and I are both going out later, but come over."

To his surprise, Stella didn't rib him at all. Dr. King was politely cordial. "Benson tells me you're getting leave and going on a cruise. That's a good idea. Where?"

Stephen said he hadn't made up his mind. It was Stella, more than Stephen, who decided upon the trip to California through the Canal. A ship sailing Saturday—she knew the captain.

Dr. King excused himself to dress. Stella sat very close to Stephen on the divan; he was acutely conscious of it. She was, somehow, a different Stella since that fan-dance performance last Sunday. He thought: Maybe I could marry her. Maybe I should try. But I can't while I feel as I do about Betsy and about going on teaching here. She'd think it insane to quit.

Before he had committed himself to the California cruise, Stella had to go up to dress. She said: "You're going to Junior Assembly with me Friday night, even if you sail Saturday. Show every one that you're not running away!"

Next morning she telephoned at nine o'clock. She had phoned the steamship agent; she'd pick up Stephen at ten o'clock and go with him to book the passage.

After she left him downtown, he called up the University Hospital and made an appointment with Dr. MacLaren for two o'clock.

Stephen left the blunt Scotchman, after an hour's talk, smarting under the diagnosis. The celebrated psychiatrist had told him: "You're a healthy male with an exceptional physique. You're not cut out to be a monk. Go out and play. You'll cure yourself of this yen for a fan dancer soon enough. Pick yourself a suitable wife with some blood and ginger in her, and raise a family. A free-lance writer has to be the sort of nut who'd strangle his own grandmother to get what he wants. You're not the type."

Thursday he packed. Friday night at nine he called for Stella. She drove him to the Assembly. He took a subtle ribbing, and some that was not so subtle, from the girls he danced with; but he was a special social success, even though a few of the more conventional young women and dowagers gave him a chilly eye. The evening went off very well until the end of the supper dance. Then, as the music stopped, a jovial young blood asked every one to take seats around the ballroom.

The announcer explained:

"At great expense and no end of trouble, we have secured the services of a celebrated entertainer, dear to the hearts of New Harbor."

ALL the lights went out; the orchestra began a slow waltz in complete darkness. The drapes had been pulled across the archways into the ballroom. The announcer went on:

"It gives me great pleasure to present on this stage, for the first and positively the last time, Miss Betsy Bitsy, who will now perform her celebrated fan dance. Hold on to your hats!"

Stephen felt Stella, at his side, get up, dimly saw her run across the floor, part the drapes, and go out.

The curtains parted. On the stage, in the beam of a baby spotlight, stood a figure, even its face covered by blue ostrich fans. Then the spotlight went out.

The dancer was only a vague shape in the darkness. Stephen couldn't even tell whether it was a man or a girl whirling ghostly fans. The Junior Assembly, or most of it, was vulgarly amused; it was roaring with glee.

The slow rage mounted as he sat there, fists clenched. Stella King had done this to him! This was her idea of humor or punishment!

He got up, went to the cloakroom for his hat and coat, ran downstairs, hurried out by the side entrance to the hotel.

He was still in a dull rage when the midnight express arrived at Grand Central Station. He took his bags and typewriter to the nearest hotel, and then went to bed.

Stella was out forever. And he had no reason, now, to go back to New Harbor.

After a restless night he dressed, went down to the barbershop, got into a chair. "Take off the beard," he growled.

He hurried from the barbershop to the steamship office, canceled his reservation three hours before sailing time.

At three o'clock he called up Maxwell at his publisher's. Maxwell knew just the place, on Central Park West, in the Sixties: the Wessex House. An hour later Stephen was installed in a one-room efficiency apartment, bath, and serving pantry with an electric plate. Then he set to work to revise, cut, and edit his book on Americanisms.

BETSY BLISS was opening at the Babylon Club on Monday night, the press advertisements had informed him. He went there for dinner.

Betsy Bliss appeared as the closing number in the first half, in her fan dance. She got a big hand, took three bows.

Next to closing in the second half of the floor show, Betsy appeared again in a divertissement called Scientific Curiosity. Under moonglow lighting, in a butterfly costume that was mainly four gorgeous wings of cellophane, she was pursued about the stage and the floor by a comic male ballet dancer with a long gray beard, horn-rimmed spectacles, and a huge butterfly net. It was amusing, provocative, and it revealed that Miss Bliss could dance even better without the fans. Stephen was almost fatuous over her by now.

Stephen called for his bill, paid it, tipped adequately, called a page boy and sent his card back to Miss Bliss.

Betsy, for once, was alone. She had on the old white-silk kimono of the Golden Arrow episode, or its twin. She didn't kiss him. "I'm all green make-up," she explained.

Stephen sat down on the divan.

"I tried to get you yesterday," she confided, after the maid had left. "But your dormitory said you'd left town and wouldn't be back for some time. They didn't fire you, after all, did they, Stephen?"

"No. I got my leave of absence. I'm supposed to be on a steamer for California right now; it sailed Saturday. I'm staying in New York for a while. No one knows I'm here but you."

She blew him a kiss in the mirror, made a face at him. "That will be simply swell! But—then you don't want to meet Professor Ames. He sent his card back, too. I thought we'd have a little New Harbor reunion."

Stephen hesitated. "That's all right," he said. "Rod Ames is my best friend." It wasn't so good, but Rod wouldn't tell even the Kings he was in New York.

"Now tell me all about what happened," she resumed, relieved. "When I first saw you without the beard, I was sure they'd fired you."

There was a knock at the door. Betsy frowned. "See who it is, darling. Tell 'em I'm busy."

It was Rod Ames, of course. And beside him, sleek and stunning in evening dress, her humorous mouth slightly agape with astonishment, stood Stella King!

Just a pleasant little New Harbor reunion! But a very embarrassing predicament for Stephen. Its resulting complications, however, contain a few cheering notes. You'll sympathize with the professor as you chuckle over the incidents found in next week's installment.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 37

1—Senator Byron Patton Harrison.
2—An edition printed in 1801 in which the word "murmurers" in the sixteenth verse of the single chapter of Jude was misprinted "murderers."
3—The hog.
4—Forty-two years old.
5—The earthworm.
6—At Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
7—Basketball, with eighty million paid admissions in 1935; baseball was second with fifty million.
8—Laurette Taylor, born in 1887.
9—Dallas, Texas.
10—François Blanc (white), ex-waiter, who founded Monte Carlo.
11—More than 200,000.
12—Edward Bulwer-Lytton.
13—Bedloe Island in New York Harbor.
14—Shrimp.
15—Donizetti.
16—Four and a half cubic feet.
17—John Nance Garner.
18—Two years from date of issue.
19—Lafayette.
20—

Mr. and Mrs. AMERICA Air Their Troubles

How a Radio Court Is Saving Thousands from the Pitfalls of Life and Love and the Law

The Good-Will Court in session, with A. L. Alexander, director, listening to a woman "litigant."

by PHILIP CURTIS HUMPHREY

THEIR pitiful little stories will never appear in a newspaper. Any city editor would scorn such trivial tragedies. But to those involved the stories are plenty big enough, and radio listeners everywhere are beginning to realize that real, raw drama comes on the air when Richard Roe and Jane Doe appear in the Good-Will Court.

In little more than a year nearly six thousand persons who would not otherwise have received legal aid have been given friendly counsel here. Every Sunday evening, shortly before ten o'clock, a score or so of citizens enter an unpretentious studio in a Broadway office building. Before them at a small table sit two kindly middle-aged men—New York justices or magistrates who have volunteered their services. There is no other "studio audience." The performers are anonymous.

A. L. Alexander addresses the little group: "You people are in a jam and these judges are here to help you. Just tell them the truth. Nobody here has the power to send any one to jail or to start a lawsuit against you or to take any legal action whatever. If your case isn't called before our time on the air is up, you will be heard after the broadcast."

He calls a number. A stooped little man comes forward and sits down. In front of him on the table is a small microphone, but his eyes are focused on the judges. He begins to talk, at first hesitantly. His daughter was married two years ago in Albany. Six months later the marriage was annulled. The husband paid for the annulment with the exception of a small balance. The lawyer refuses to hand over the annulment papers until this is paid. Now his daughter wants to remarry. Can she, without the papers?

The judge asks a few questions. Finally he explains that if the annulment was actually granted it is a matter of official record, whether the lawyer has been paid or not. He points out that the girl is morally and legally obliged to pay her attorney his fee and she should make every effort to pay him, but that by communicating with the clerk of the court in which the annulment was granted she may obtain a certified copy of the decree.

"Thank you, judge, your Honor," mumbles the little man.

Another litigant is called. She is a pitifully thin girl. Married three years ago, her husband at first seemed to love her. Now he refuses to do more than eat and sleep under the same roof with her. He never speaks to her, treats her like a servant. Can she get a divorce?

The judge is sympathetic. He explains that she cannot obtain a divorce in New York State on such grounds. However, she can ask for a separation.

So the sorry procession continues. The words come often in broken English, often through tears. The program is off the air at eleven, but the session goes on, often until long after midnight.

Such is A. L. Alexander's Good-Will Court. It all started about a year ago, from the mail which poured through his hands as chief announcer of New York's station WMCA. So many of the letters came from people desperately in trouble, asking for advice and help, that he conceived the idea of a program which would bring the people themselves before the microphone, with competent judges to define their legal rights.

At first he had difficulty persuading people to appear. Now about twelve hundred applications a week are received. From these Alexander selects about twice as many applicants as can be heard during the broadcast period, and invites them to the studio. The remaining letters are answered by mail. In some instances the writer is told that a case similar to his will be discussed on the air.

On Sunday evening at about seven o'clock Alexander begins to interview the litigants. This is in no sense a rehearsal. They must be cautioned against using profanity or obscenities and, above all, against mentioning names of individuals or corporations.

Occasionally letters outline cases which could not possibly be put on the air. Many threaten suicide—one man tried to take poison as Alexander interviewed him.

Parents write that they encourage their adolescent children to listen as an education. The program has been "best-betted" consistently by leading newspapers, and has been endorsed by the Women's National Radio Committee. Judges, attorneys, and civic groups commend it. It is genuine; Alexander denies emphatically that actors have ever been used as litigants.

A few weeks ago the program acquired a sponsor, True Story Magazine, and a larger network. In lieu of paying a fee to the judges who serve, True Story makes donations to their favorite charities, among them the Legal Aid Society and several summer camps for children.

Prominent jurists have written in, taking exception to decisions or offering aid. Scores of lawyers offer their services, many times without a fee. Money for litigants in dire need is offered. As Alexander says, "There really are some swell people in the world!"

THE END

JUMBLED MOVIE STARS!

$1,500 CASH-PRIZE CONTEST

YOU STILL CAN ENTER AND WIN MONEY!

WITH this week's jumbles this contest goes into its fifth week. Act now if you have not entered yet. Your chance to get into the money is still excellent. Don't let delay rob you of this opportunity to add a handsome cash sum to your budget. Begin by rearranging the ten jumbled names of movie stars on the coupon so that each name is correctly spelled. It's simple. Suppose you had a jumble like this: WONJE-BORE. You would solve it by rearrangement into JOE E. BROWN. Simple, isn't it?

If you are just entering and have disposed of the four preceding issues of Liberty, you can obtain reprints of the contest material you need to bring your entry up to date. Write to the contest address in Rule 7 and enclose five cents in stamps to cover the cost of handling and mailing. Solving the jumbles on these coupons when they arrive will bring your entry even with the field.

DO NOT send in individual coupons. Save them all until your set of seven is complete and mail them as a unit at the end of the contest. Coupons filed separately will not be considered.

THE RULES

1. Each week for seven weeks Liberty will publish a list of jumbled names each of which, when the letters are correctly rearranged in proper order, will form the name of a prominent screen star as it appears in official billing. First and last names will be included in each jumble, and where a middle initial regularly is used, that too will be included.

2. To compete, use the official contest coupon on this page, listing your solution of each jumble in the column provided therefor.

3. When you have solved all seven lists of jumbled names, write a brief statement of not more than 100 words telling which of the stars you have unjumbled in this contest has contributed the most to the screen and why, in your opinion.

4. The entry with the greatest number of names correctly unjumbled, and which is accompanied by the clearest, most convincing statement, will be adjudged the best.

5. In the order of their excellence on this basis, prizes will be awarded to the highest rating entries as follows: First Prize, $500; Second Prize, $250; Third Prize, $100; Twenty Prizes, each $10; Ninety Prizes, each $5. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

6. All lists must be submitted as a unit, at the same time, at the close of the contest. Lists sent separately will not count. No correspondence can be entered into concerning any entry. The judges are the contest board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Do not submit elaborate entries. Simplicity is best.

7. Send all entries by first-class mail to Jumbled Movie Stars Editor, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

8. All entries must be received on or before September 25, 1936, the closing date of this contest.

CLIP HERE

CONTEST COUPON NO. 5

JUMBLED MOVIE STARS

JUMBLE	SOLUTION
1. LADYBERGERAC	
2. YARYFAW	
3. NONEHADFRY	
4. CLAKEYHAJ	
5. RAGBOATREG	
6. THANSWEREJI	
7. DOLLYDARHOL	
8. WEATHESISJEMS	
9. CHORUSHELLDONE	
10. SYBNETRUFSET	

CLIP HERE

WATCH FOR SET NO. 6 JUMBLED MOVIE STARS NEXT WEEK

End ATHLETE'S FOOT use TŌGO

NEW and different, Togo promises to set a new record of efficiency in clearing up Athlete's Foot trouble.

In one case Togo did the work where 14 other products had failed. Togo has an antiseptic and germ-killing action.

Easy and simple to use. Does not stain the feet. No offensive odor.

Manufactured under United States Patents and *guaranteed to do its job or you get your money back.*

Your druggist can get Togo for you—or use the coupon below, and let Togo end your trouble without waste of time or money.

TOGO, 333 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
I enclose $1.00 for full size package of Togo, to be sent prepaid, which I am buying on your "results-or-money-back" offer.

L 8-29-36

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

Happy Relief From Painful Backache

Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys — and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are one of Nature's chief ways of taking acids and wastes out of the blood. A healthy person should pass about 3 pints a day and so get rid of more than 3 pounds of waste matter.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, this waste stays in the body and may become poisonous. It may start nagging backaches, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Don't let it lay you up.

Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills — used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help to flush out the 15 miles of kidney tubes. Get Doan's Pills.

Vox Pop

Macfadden's "Keynote Speech" at Valley Forge

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Was I thrilled by Bernarr Macfadden's speech at Valley Forge! And I am glad to see it is being regarded in high anti-New Deal circles in the capital as a powerful philosophic answer to the Philadelphia Democratic Convention. Indeed, it is being hailed here as the real "Coalition Keynote Speech" in the great drive now under way to stop Roosevelt.

Outstanding national leaders—Democrats as well as Republicans—interpreted the Macfadden speech as a ringing call to arms in defense of traditional American liberty and freedom.

Party leaders asked for copies of the Macfadden address, while hope was expressed that the publisher would continue his line of attack in other sections of the country.

May I quote what Senator Borah said? He asserted that "Mr. Macfadden's address at Valley Forge is a very fine statement of American principles—principles we can well remember during these days."

Senator William H. King, Democrat, frequently at odds with the administration, declared it to be "a very sound and admirable statement. It is axiomatic that unless we fight for the maintenance of our democratic processes, we lose them. What Mr. Macfadden stated at Valley Forge is very wholesome. I heartily approve of it."

Republican Keynoter Frederick Steiwer at the Cleveland Convention was emphatic: "Mr. Macfadden's address has indeed hit the mark," he said. "He is presenting the principle of American freedom and liberty in his own language rather than that used at Cleveland, but the spirit is definitely there. In a sense, it represents another keynote address for Americans."

I was interested in the reaction of Mrs. William Fitch Kelley, president of the League of Republican Women. She said: "Mr. Bernarr Macfadden in his Valley Forge defense of freedom and liberty has given the country a truly splendid address. At Cleveland we were all ears to hear a speech from Mr. Macfadden, but I take it he delivered the fighting address he had in mind at historic Valley Forge.

"The publisher of Liberty has given a complete answer to those who wish to perpetuate a New Deal dictatorship upon us and upon our children. I will say this: that if we all—one and all—would fight as hard and as long in this campaign for freedom and liberty as has Bernarr Macfadden, victory for Americanism in November would be definitely assured."

Chairman John Hamilton, I hear, also expressed his keen interest in the address of Mr. Macfadden, with whom he conferred in New York and for whom he entertains high personal regard and respect.

Finally, Lawrence Richey, aide to former President Herbert Hoover, requested that a transcript of the Valley Forge address be forwarded to his Washington office for transmission to his chief in California.—*Jackson V. Wythes.*

"MAN WAS CREATED IN TWO GENDERS"

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—Glancing over the July 4 Vox Pop I notice that the Rev. Charles S. Pickering gets off a lot of wisdom when he states "Does the gentleman know that all angels are men? . . . the Good Book angels are real *he*-men, not sweet little gals."

I say doesn't the Rev. Charles S. Pickering know that man was created in two genders, male and female, and their name called Adam? Let the gentleman read Genesis 1:27 and Genesis 5:1, 2. Let him also note that angels are angels and men are men (male and female), and that no he-man ever was an angel or ever will be one.—*Myrtle Cross.*

UNDRESSED GIRLS' PARADE

SAN JUAN, P. R.—May I extend my sincere thanks to Mrs. V. Rainbow for her article on Daughters in Halters and Track Pants (July 11 Vox Pop).

You have published many opinions of your readers that have fallen in with my own, but this one hits the nail right on the head.

A very short time ago I was in the States and in the six years there, daily saw examples of underdressed young girls parading their charms before a bunch of drugstore cowboys who had nothing better to do than stand on the corners and stare, to say the least.

I can't believe that parents actually encourage their daughters in the belief that it is smart to dress in this manner. —*William Fernandez.*

A TRIP TO CHINATOWN

SIOUX CITY, IOWA—In July 4 Twenty Questions (No. 3) you refer to "Gaunt's play, A Trip to Chinatown." The play was written and produced by Charles Hoyt. The firm name was "Hoyt & McKee."

All of Hoyt's plays started with "A." —*J. H. Carmody.*

FLOWER OF THE GODS

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH—The most wonderful serial story Liberty has ever run in its pages, appeared beginning September 21, 1935, and ending November 9, 1935—Flower of the Gods, by Achmed Abdullah and Anthony Abbot. Up to the present time I have seen nothing in Vox Pop commenting on this story.

To me, Flower of the Gods is the most vivid portrayal of the so-called "pain way" to spiritual initiation. It has nothing whatever to do with wizardry, miracles, or magic, but everything to do with definite occult powers, which every one can possess if they are willing to work for them.

This was one of the greatest stories ever written and I hope to see it published in book form.—*Lillian Taylor.*

[Our correspondent doesn't read us as regularly as she might or she would have seen several letters on this story, which, by the way, is now in book form.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

PERFECTLY KILLING

TALLAHASSEE, FLA.—Liberty is a grand magazine—it makes the swellest fly swatter.—*Mrs. H. S. Shon.*

GOOD CLEAN FUN

SPOKANE, WASH.—I had an uncle down in Kansas once that could spit tobacco juice twenty feet and hit a sand lizard in the eye nine times out of ten, whereupon the sand lizard would turn over on his back and die on the spot, and what an idol my uncle was to us youngsters!

What I had in mind, if anything, is that here's a chance for some good clean

fun if some of the girls would take up chewing instead of smoking.

It's something to think about when you haven't anything else to think about. —*W. N. Skinner.*

AMATEUR PAGE PRIZE WINNERS, JULY 11

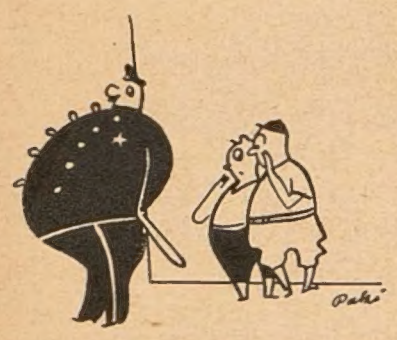
First prize of $25 goes to William Pitt, Jr., of Newtonville, Mass., for his cartoon "Who Dared Say 'Cats'?" Second prize of $10 goes to Mabel Newman of Oakland City, Ind., for her poem Housewife. Three other prizes of $5 each go to Mrs. Mildred D. Casey of Ozark, Ala., for her short story The Power of Suggestion; John Aldersley of Philadelphia, Pa., for his cartoon; and Divillow M. Robare of Syracuse, N. Y., for his quip.

ON HER SNORE PROGRAM

GALENA, ILL.—The suggestion from a Vox Popper (July 4) that I try snoring the Star-Spangled Banner will be given a tryout when I can arrange my program accordingly. I'll let you know results.—*Mrs. Irene Gillette.*

COP NAMED FOR BUTTONS

MIAMI, FLA.—I wish to differ with Liberty (May 23 Twenty Questions) and Pat Vitelle (July 11 Vox Pop) with reference to the word "cop." Every policeman is not a chief of police, and copper does not mean arrest nor taken into custody. Nearing my count of three score and ten, I still remember that we as kids referred to the policeman on the corner as a copper because he wore cop-



per buttons on his uniform, distinguishing him from the "brass monkey" of the navy.—*H. Emanuel.*

"BLIMY" INTO PERFECT ENGLISH

FLINT, MICH.—I have noticed on many occasions whenever the average American impersonates an Englishman he will nine times out of ten include the word "blimy," which is used by a few in the slum quarters of London as "Gawblimy." This, dear Vox Pop, translated into perfect English, means, "God blind me."

Now isn't that a terrible thing to ask of God?—*Henglish Gal.*

NO POLITICS IS PLEA

DALLAS, TEX.—Jay Franklin's article (July 4 Liberty), Will This Be the Last Democratic Convention? irks me. Everybody is writing about the Democratic Party. It has been eulogized and reviled, psychoanalyzed and branded with various ocracies and numerous isms.

"Variety," it is said, "is the spice of life." Liberty is usually a magazine of variety, but variety one week and the same variety the next week soon cease to be variety. So let's not have any more politics, please. Leave something to the newspapers and radio. Give the space to more interesting matter such as Rich Man's Son, Three Musketeers of Swat, and features such as Oliver Swift's Good Books, Doan's 'Tisn't So, and—the variety of varieties—Vox Pop.—*C. M. McCulloh.*

O JAFSIE, JAFSIE!

PATERSON, N. J.—

O Jafsie, Jafsie, come back home!
Come back, old boy, return.
Remount your faithful hobbyhorse,
And let your chestnuts burn.

The Bronx is waiting, Jason dear;
Its cheer will never cease
For one who bargained like a lamb
To gain the golden "fleece."

You blazed a trail to Panama;
You flamed at Flemington;
You dropped a line from time to time,
Which hinted what you'd done.

Your modesty! It knew no bounds.
Your voice! It murmured Loew
In answer to your public's choice:
"'Twas I . . . and so . . . and so."

But please, Boy Blew, please still your horn;
No redskins tint the view;
The dust they bit just won't bite back;
Your Boy Scout daze is through.

Please, Sherlock, don't neglect your Holmes.
Oh, fireman, save each child!
Come, prodigal—and this *is* news:
The fatted calf's gone . . . wild!

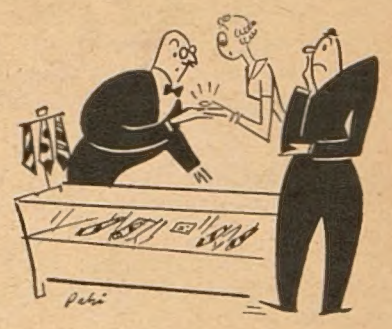
So get outside that inside yarn,
For tripe's the best *we've* got.
There's plenty more, you Sunny Boy,
You cute forget-Me-not.

—*F. A. Teague.*

"I told you where your mother hid the jam—what more do you want for a dime?"

BOSTON SUSPECTS U. S. MONEY

SOMERVILLE, MASS.—Here's a hot one. You cannot spend good old United States money in Boston, Mass. Recently I offered a perfect United States of America Columbian half-dollar dated 1893,



issued in commemoration of the World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, for a pair of socks at a department store.

The girl clerk looked dumfounded at the coin, called the floorwalker; together they stared at it, then refused to take it. So, U. S. money cannot be spent as freely as it appears to be spent in Boston.

Oh, well, I'll see if I can buy a Liberty with it.—*Andrew J. Ryan.*

HITLER AND THE BIBLE

ARLINGTON, MASS.—Anybody that reads Maxwell J. Flagg's article about Hitler and the Bible (July 18 Liberty) should also read Jesus' words in St. John 8:44—"Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do. He was a murderer from the beginning, and abode not in the truth, because there is no truth in him. When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own: for he is a liar, and the father of it." The Germans are getting used to being abused by the world.

I often wonder why the Jews are so put out about the Germans with their pure race program when the Jews worked that system for the last 5,000 years.

Aside from that, the author of the article lacked even a fair knowledge of the German language. He translates such words as *Reich* as realm, *Seinesgleichen* as compatriots, *Mord* as assassination, *Verhalten* as composure, and many more. Alone, the expression "*Reibi*" for *Reichsbischof* would make any German look down upon the intellect of one serving up such ridiculous and vicious propaganda.—*Albert J. Forst.*

LACROSSE, WIS. — Why look askance at Germany for changing the Bible and attempting to substitute authority for Christianity? In this good old U. S. A. there seems to be a more or less prevalent worship of a yellow metal in place of Deity and many accept it as the word and will of God.—*Nertz.*

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

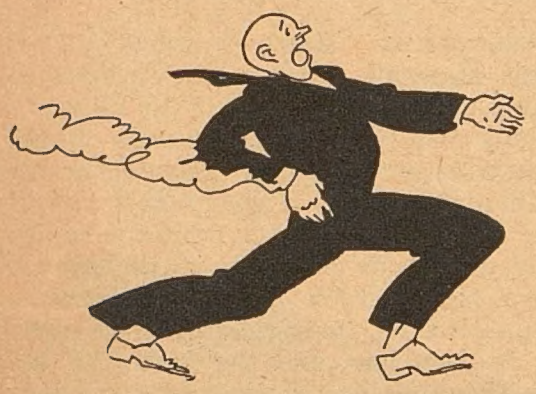
It Happened In

SAN JOSE, CALIF.—Peeping Toms have taken to the air here. Police are looking for one who swooped down close over an apartment-house roof where several young women were taking a sun bath.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Margaret Gest, Philadelphia artist, won a prize for her painting, Pink Lilies, in the 131st annual exhibition at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, despite the fact it was hung upside down.

PACIFIC GROVE, CALIF.—School transportation has been solved by Frank DuBois, who, mounted on roller skates and clinging to the tail of a German police dog, attains a speed of twenty-five miles an hour, according to traffic agents.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—"Put me out! Put me out!" yelled Rubin Colinsky in police court here. "Put that man out," ordered Judge Leon Yankwich. "Now you're out, stay out," said the bailiff, pushing him through the door. "I'm not out! Extinguish me—I'm on fire," moaned Colinsky. He had put a lighted pipe in his pocket.



SIGNS BY THE ROADSIDE

An astonishing old slave-auction market in the heart of the crossroads at Louisville, Georgia. There's the same bell that called folks from the countryside.

Same old beams. Same old cupola. Maybe the same old ghosts hide in the shadows. There are only three in existence.

MORE SIGNS

This one was seen in a Texas café:
"Don't complain about our coffee. You may be old and weak yourself some day."

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any living person, it is purely accidental—a coincidence.

COVER PAINTED BY MONTE CREWS

Hollywood has been kind to glamorous Ann Harding. So was her ex-husband, Harry Bannister, she once said. But she threw a challenge to Hollywood: "Hollywood resents a lady. I'll never permit Jane to go on the stage or act in the films. She is to be educated as a lady." Hollywood wasn't altogether sure about that word "lady." Nobody ever has been! Old Noah Webster himself floundered around with seven definitions, the last of which was "Wife (Obsolete)." But it is sure about Ann's own definition of what a lady is not—a *lady* is *not* an actress.

"Oh, lady, lady!" Hollywood protested. "Would you be any more of a lady if you had remained a worker in the office of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company? Are you any less a lady because you fought your way up through little theaters and stock companies to Broadway and Hollywood?"

Behind it all is a drama of bitterness and heartbreak more absorbing than any in which Ann Harding has appeared as star. Does it forecast the end of this brilliant actress's career in America? In Liberty next week the whole story will be revealed, giving you the facts you haven't heard, and suggesting perhaps a new direction for your sympathies in this strange tangle of mother love, marital trouble, and fame. Also in Liberty next week:

MARRIAGE PROSPECTS OF KING EDWARD VIII

Will a new Queen of England share Edward's coronation next year, with the royal marriage so timed as to be a sudden dramatic surprise? Frederick Lewis makes this prediction in an intimate article about the intensely modern young monarch who has upset a number of British traditions already and, as Mr. Lewis shows you, would like to upset more. It's a lively informative word picture and a shrewd look into the future. And—

BEHIND THE BLACK LEGION—WHAT?—"SAILORS AIN'T WANTED"—WIFE TROUBLE—SIREN BUSINESS—GODIVA WAS A LADY—THE CASE NEW JERSEY WOULD LIKE TO FORGET—THE CARD DETECTIVE—AND OTHER ABSORBING ARTICLES, FICTION, AND FEATURES.

NEXT WEEK IN **Liberty** ON SALE

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 26

MAKE IT PABST

. . WHILE THE SUN SHINES

Insist on THE ORIGINAL PABST TAPaCan

Brewery Goodness
Sealed Right in
Protected Flavor
Non-refillable
Flat Top—It Stacks
Saves Half
the Space
No Deposits
to Pay
No Empties
to Return
No Breakage

THERE'S a lot of delightful refreshment sealed in Pabst TAPaCan. When the summer sun beats down—a cool safe drink of pure, wholesome Pabst Export Beer will revive you like a fresh lake breeze.

For hot weather comfort learn to ask for Pabst TAPaCan. At lunch, Pabst puts an edge on your appetite—and refreshes you for afternoon activities. At dinner—cool, delicious, wholesome Pabst makes good food taste even better.

Ninety-two years of "knowing how" does make a difference—that difference in added enjoyment can always be yours. If you have not yet tried Pabst TAPaCan—you have not yet learned how good beer can be. Try it today. Join the millions who ask for Pabst TAPaCan.

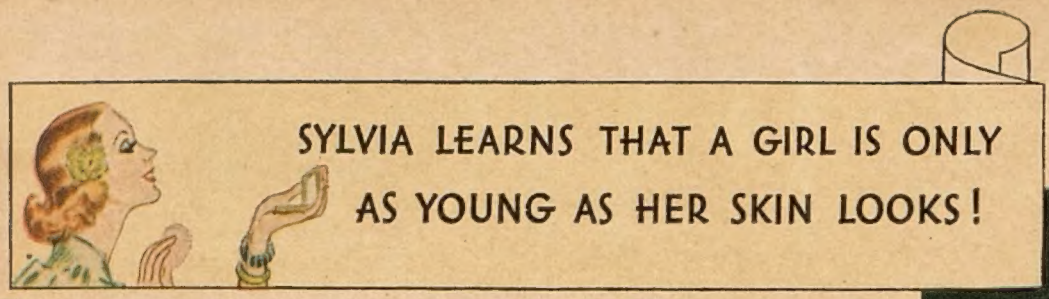
OLD TANKARD ALE

Enjoy genuine Old Tankard Ale—full bodied, full flavored, full strength. Brewed and mellowed by Pabst.

© 1936, Premier-Pabst Corp.

PABST *Export* TAPaCan BEER

BREWERY GOODNESS SEALED RIGHT IN


SYLVIA LEARNS THAT A GIRL IS ONLY AS YOUNG AS HER SKIN LOOKS!
BOB HASN'T EVEN PHONED FOR WEEKS! AND I HEAR HE'S TAKING JEAN BROWN TO THE COUNTRY CLUB DANCE!..
HE DOESN'T REALLY CARE FOR HER... BUT YOU'VE LET YOUR SKIN GET SO OLD-LOOKING! IF YOU'D SEE A BEAUTY SPECIALIST..
SYLVIA SEES DIMITRY, FAMOUS NEW YORK BEAUTY SPECIALIST
IT'S VERY FOOLISH TO THINK JUST ANY SOAP WILL DO! TO KEEP SKIN YOUNG, I RECOMMEND PALMOLIVE, BECAUSE...
DIMITRY EXPLAINS WHY PALMOLIVE KEEPS SKIN YOUNG!
"Because it is made with Olive Oil, Palmolive Soap has a special protective quality all its own. Its gentle lather protects your skin against the loss of natural, 'youth-giving' oils which feed and nourish it. Without these oils, skin becomes dry, rough, old-looking. With them, skin stays soft, smooth and young!"
(Signed) Dimitry
6 WEST 57 STREET, NEW YORK CITY
LET'S SIT THIS DANCE OUT, SYLVIA DARLING! THERE'S SOMETHING IMPORTANT I WANT TO ASK YOU..
AND TO THINK I MIGHT HAVE LOST HIM.. IF I HADN'T CHANGED TO PALMOLIVE!
4 WEEKS LATER

To keep your skin Young...

Protect it against the loss of its "youth-giving" oils . . . Use Palmolive, the soap made with Olive Oil!

Yes! There *is* a way to keep your skin young . . . alluring through the years . . . with that soft, smooth look that all men adore!

Skin will stay young, beauty experts say, as long as it retains its own "youth-giving" oils, which feed and nourish it. Once these precious natural oils are lost, your skin grows dry, rough, old-looking . . . even though you are only 20.

To protect your skin against the loss of these vital, "youth-giving" oils, complexion authorities the world over recommend Palmolive because it is the beauty soap made with soothing Olive Oil.

For Palmolive is utterly unlike any other soap. Palmolive alone is made from a secret and unique blend of Olive and Palm oils—the oldest and finest beauty oils known to science!

Do this for a lovely skin!

Massage Palmolive's rich, fine-textured lather thoroughly into your skin. Notice how this mild, bland lather (that olive oil alone makes possible) deeply and thoroughly cleanses your pores. Gently removes every trace of dirt and cosmetics, allowing every pore to breathe and function normally.

Now rinse with warm water, then with cold. See how much lovelier your skin looks . . . neither too dry nor too oily. And if you use Palmolive regularly, night and morning, what matchless beauty it will bring *your* skin — beauty that only Palmolive's secret blend of Olive and Palm oils can give!